Poems, &c.

BY

EDMOND WALLER, Esq;

Born 1605.

Never before Printed.

H. Herringman,

Jacob Tonson,

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The Printer
TO THE
READER.

When the Author of these Verses (Written only to please himself, and such particular persons to whom they were directed) returned from abroad some years since, He was troubled to find his name in Print, but somewhat satisfied to see his Lines so ill rendred that he might justly disown them, and say to a mistaking Printer as one did to an ill Reciter,——————Male dum recitas, incipit esse tuum. *Having been ever since pressed to correct the many and gross faults (such as use to be in Impressions wholly neglected by the Authors) his answer was, that he made these when ill Verses had more favour and escaped better, than good ones do in this age; the severity whereof he thought not unhappily diverted by those faults in the impression, which hitherto have hung upon his Book, as the Turks hang old rags (or such like ugly things) upon their faireſt Horses and other goodly Creatures, to secure them against fascination; and for*

Poſtſcript.

NOT having the ſame Argument as at firſt to perſwade the Author that I might print his *Verſes* more Correctly, which he found ſo ill done at his Return; I have now adventured, without giving him farther Trouble by importuning him for a new Permiſſion, to Collect all that I can find, either left out of the former Edition, or ſuch as have been ſince made by him; to which I am the more encouraged, becauſe the firſt (thô moſt of them were compos'd Fifty or Sixty years ſince (ſeem ſtill New, which would be more ſtrange in ſo changing a Language, had it not been by him improved, which may make one think it true that I have heard from ſome learn'd Criticks, that *Virgil* when he ſaid——*Nova carmina pango*. Meant not *Verſes* that were never ſeen before (for in that ſence all at firſt are new) but ſuch as he thought might be ever New. May theſe ſtill appear to be ſo for the diverſion of the Readers, and intereſt of

Their Humble Servant.

TO THE KING

On His NAVY.

1626.

WHere e're thy Navy ſpreads her canvas wings
Homage to thee, and peace to all ſhe brings,
The *French* and *Spaniard*, when thy Flags appear,
Forget their Hatred, and conſent to fear.
So *Jove* from *Ida* did both Hoſts ſurvey,
And when he pleas'd to Thunder, part the fray,
Ships heretofore in Seas like Fiſhes ſped,
The mighty ſtill upon the ſmaller fed.
Thou on the deep impoſeſt Nobler Laws,
And by that Juſtice haſt remov'd the Cauſe

Of thoſe rude Tempeſts, which for Rapine ſent,
Too oft alas, involv'd the innocent.
Now ſhall the Ocean, as thy *Thames*, be free
From both thoſe fates, of Storms, and Piracy:
But we moſt happy, who can fear no force
But winged Troops, or Pegaſean Horſe:
'Tis not ſo hard for greedy foes to ſpoil
Another Nation, as to touch our ſoil.
Should Natures Self invade the World again,
And o're the Center ſpread the liquid Main;
Thy power were ſafe, and her deſtructive hand
Would but enlarge the bounds of thy command.
Thy dreadful Fleet would ſtyle Thee Lord of all,
And ride in Triumph o're the drowned Ball.
Thoſe Towers of Oak o're fertile plains might go,
And viſit Mountains where they once did grow.
The Worlds Reſtorer never could endure,
That finiſh'd *Babel* ſhould thoſe men ſecure,

Whoſe

Whoſe Pride deſign'd that Fabrick to have ſtood
Above the reach of any ſecond Flood:
To Thee his Choſen more indulgent he
Dares truſt ſuch Power with ſo much Piety.

Of the danger His Majeſty (being Prince) eſcaped in the Road at Saint Andrews.

1621.

NOW had his Highneſs bid farewel to *Spain*,
And reach't the ſphere of his own power, the main;
With Britiſh bounty in his Ship he Feaſts,
Th' Heſperian Princes, his amazed gueſts,
To find that watry Wilderneſs exceed
The entertainment of their great *Madrid*.
Healths to both Kings, attended with the rore
Of Cannons eccho'd from th' affrighted ſhoar,
With loud reſemblance of his Thunder prove
Bacchus the ſeed of Cloud-compelling *Jove*.

While to his Harp Divine *Arion* ſings
The Loves and Conqueſts of our *Albion* Kings.
Of the fourth *Edward* was his Noble ſong;
Fierce, Goodly, Valiant, Beautiful and Young:
He rent the Crown from vanquiſht *Henry*'s head:
Rais'd the white Roſe, and trampled on the Red;
Till Love triumphing o're the Victor's pride,
Brought *Mars* and *Warwick* to the Conquer'd ſide,
Neglected *Warwick* (whoſe bold hand like fate,
Gives and reſumes the Scepter of our State)
Wooes for his Maſter, and with double ſhame,
Himſelf deluded, mocks the Princely Dame,
The Lady *Bona*; whom juſt anger burns;
And Foreign War with Civil Rage returns.
Ah ſpare your Sword, where Beauty is to blame;
Love gave th' Affront, & muſt repair the ſame:
When *France* ſhall boaſt of her, whoſe conquering (eyes
Have made the beſt of *Engliſh* hearts their prize;

Have

Have power to alter the decrees of Fate,
And change again the Counſels of our State.
What the Prophetick Muſe intends, alone
To him that feels the ſecret Wound, is known.
With the ſweet ſound of this harmonious lay
About the Keel delighted Dolphins play;
Too ſure a ſign of Seas enſuing rage,
Which muſt anon this Royal Troop engage:
To whom ſoft ſleep ſeems more ſecure and ſweet,
Within the Town commanded by our Fleet.
Theſe mighty Peers plac'd in the gilded Barge,
Proud with the burden of ſo brave a charge:
With painted Oars the Youths begin to ſweep
Neptunes ſmooth face, and cleave the yielding deep,
Which ſoon becomes the ſeat of ſudden War,
Between the Wind and Tide, that fiercely jar.
As when a ſort of luſty Shepherds try
Their force at Foot-ball, care of Victory

Makes them ſalute ſo rudely breaſt to breaſt.
That their Encounter ſeem too rough for jeſt;
They ply their feet, and ſtill the reſtleſs Ball
Toſt too and fro is urged by them all:
So fares the doubtful Barge 'twixt Tide and Winds:
And like effect of their contention finds.
Yet the bold Britains ſtill ſecurely row'd;
Charles and his Virtue was their ſacred load:
Than with a greater pledge Heaven could not give,
That the good Boat this Tempeſt ſhould out-live.
But ſtorms encreaſe, and now no hope of grace
Among them ſhines, ſave in the Prince's Face
The reſt reſign their courage, skill and ſight
To danger, horror, and unwelcome night.
The gentle Veſſel, wont with ſtate and pride
On the ſmooth back of Silver *Thames* to ride,
Wanders Aſtoniſh'd in the angry main;
As *Titans* Car did, while the golden rain

Fill'd

Fill'd the young hand of his advent'rous Son,
When the whole World an equal hazard run
To this of ours; the light of whoſe deſire.
Waves threaten now, as that was skar'd by fire.
The impatient Sea grows impotent and raves,
That night (aſſiſting) his impetuous waves
Should find reſiſtance from ſo light a thing:
Theſe ſurges ruin, thoſe our ſafety bring.
Th' oppreſſed Veſſel doth the charge abide;
Only becauſe aſſail'd on every ſide;
So Men with rage and paſſion ſet on fire,
Trembling for haſt, impeach their mad deſire.

The pale *Iberians* had expir'd with fear;
But that their wonder did divert their care;
To ſee the Prince with danger mov'd no more,
Than with the Pleaſures of their Court before.
God-like his courage ſeem'd, whom nor delight
Could ſoften, nor the face of Death affright:

Next to the power of making Tempeſts ceaſe,
Was in that ſtorm to have ſo calm a peace.

Great *Maro* could no greater Tempeſt feign;
When the loud Winds uſurping on the Main,
For angry *Juno*, labour'd to deſtroy
The hated reliques of confounded *Troy*.
His bold *Æneas*, on like billows toſt,
In a tall Ship, and all his Country loſt,
Diſſolves with fear; and both his hands upheld,
Proclaims them happy whom the Greeks had quel'd
In Honourable fight: Our *Hero* ſet
In a ſmall ſhallop; fortune in his debt,
So near a hope of Crowns and Scepters, more
Than ever *Priam*, when he flouriſh'd, wore;
His Loyns yet full of ungot Princes, all
His Glory in the bud; lets nothing fall
That argues Fear: If any thought annoys
The Gallant youth, 'tis Loves untaſted joys,

And

And dear remembrance of that fatal glance,
For which he lately pawn'd his Heart in *France.*
Where he had ſeen a brighter Nymph than ſhe
That ſprung out of his preſent foe, the Sea.
That noble Ardor, more than mortal Fire,
The Conquer'd Ocean could not make expire;
Nor angry *Thetis,* raiſe her waves above
Th' Heroick Princes Courage, or his Love;
'Twas Indignation, and not Fear he felt,
The ſhrine ſhould periſh, where that Image dwelt.
Ah Love forbid! the Nobleſt of thy Train
Should not ſurvive to let her know his pain:
Who nor his Peril minding, nor his Flame,
Is entertain'd with ſome leſs ſerious Game
Among the bright Nymphs of the Gallique Court;
All highly born, obſequious to her ſport;
They Roſes ſeem, which in their early pride,
Bùt half reveal, and half their Beauties hide;

She

She the glad morning, which her beams does throw,
Upon their ſmiling leaves, and gilds them ſo:
Like bright *Aurora*, whoſe refulgent Ray
Foretels the fervor of enſuing day;
And warns the Shepherd with his Flocks retreat
To leaſie ſhadows, from the threatned heat.

From *Cupids* ſtrings, of many ſhafts that fled,
Wing'd with thoſe plumes which noble fame had (ſhed,
As through the wondring world ſhe flew, and told
Of his Adventures haughty, brave and bold,
Some had already touch'd the Royal Maid;
But loves firſt ſummons ſeldom are obey'd;
Light was the Wound; the Prince's care unknown,
She might not, would not yet reveal her own.

His glorious name had ſo poſſeſt her ears,
That with delight thoſe antique tales ſhe hears
Of *Jaſon*, *Theſeus*, and ſuch Worthies old,
As with his ſtory beſt reſemblance hold.

And

And now ſhe views, as on the wall it hung,
What old *Muſæus* ſo Divinely ſung:
Which Art with life and love did ſo inſpire,
That ſhe diſcerns, and favours that deſire,
Which there provokes th' advent'rous youth to (ſwim
And in *Leanders* danger pities him:
Whoſe not new love alone, but fortune ſeeks
To frame his ſtory like that amorous Greek's.

For from the ſtern of ſome good Ship appears
A friendly light, which moderates their fears:
New courage from reviving hope they take,
And climbing o'er the waves, that Taper make;
On which the hope of all their Lives depends;
As his on that fair *Hero*'s hand extends.

The ſhip an anchor like a fixed Rock (knock;
Break the proud Billows, which her large ſides
Whoſe rage reſtrained foaming higher ſwells,
And from her Port the weary Barge repels

Threatning

Threatning to make her, forced out again,
Repeat the dangers of the troubled main.
Twice was the Cable hurl'd in vain; the fates
Would not be mov'd for our Siſter States:
For *England* is the third ſucceſsful throw.
And then the Genius of that Land they know:
Whoſe Prince muſt be (as their own Books deviſe)
Lord of the Scene, where now his danger lies.
Well ſung the *Roman* Bard; all humane things
Of deareſt value hang on ſlender ſtrings.
O ſee the then ſole hope, and in deſign
Of Heaven our joy, ſupported by a line:
Which for that inſtant was Heaven's care above,
The chain that's fixed to the Throne of *Jove*;
On which the fabrick of our World depends;
One Link diſſolv'd, the whole Creation ends.

Of

Of His Majeſties *receiving the News of the Duke of* Buckingham's *Death.*

1628.

SO earneſt with thy God, can no new care,
No ſenſe of danger interrupt thy Prayer?
The ſacred Wreſtler till a bleſſing given,
Quits not his hold, but halting conquers Heav'n:
Nor was the ſtream of thy Devotions ſtopp'd;
When from the Body ſuch a Limb was lopp'd,
As to thy preſent ſtate was no leſs maim;
Though thy wiſe choice has ſince repair'd the ſame.
Bold *Homer* durſt not ſo great virtue feign
In his beſt pattern, of *Patroclus* ſlain;
With ſuch amazement as weak Mothers uſe,
And frantick geſture, he receives the news:
Yet fell his Darling by the impartial chance
Of War, impos'd by Royal *Hector's* Launce;

Thine

Thine in full peace, and by a vulgar hand
Torn from thy boſom, left his high command.
The famous Painter could allow no place
For private ſorrow in a Prince's face:
Yet, that his piece might not exceed belief,
He caſt a Veil upon ſuppoſed grief.
'Twas want of ſuch a Preſident as this,
Made the old Heathen frame their Gods amiſs.
Their *Phœbus* ſhould not act a fonder part
For their fair Boy, than he did for his Heart;
Nor blame for *Hyacinthus* fate his own
That kept from him wiſhed death; hadſt thou been (known.
He that with thine ſhall weigh good *David*'s deeds
Shall find his Paſſion, not his Love exceeds.
He curſt the Mountains where his brave friend dy'd
But let falſe *Ziba* with his Heir divide:
Where thy immortal Love to thy beſt Friends,
Like that of Heaven, upon their Seed deſcends.

Such

Such huge extreams inhabit thy great mind:
God-like, unmov'd; and yet like Woman kind.
Which of the ancient Poets had not brought
Our *Charles* His Pedigree from Heaven, and taught
How ſome bright dame compreſt by mighty *Jove*,
Produc'd this mixt Divinity and Love?

To the Queen, occaſioned upon ſight of Her Majeſties Picture.

WEll fare the hand, which to our humble ſight
Preſents that Beauty, which the dazling (Light
Of Royal ſplendor hides from weaker eyes;
And all acceſs (ſave by this Art) denies.
Here only we have Courage to behold
This beam of Glory; here we dare unfold
In numbers thus the wonders we conceive:
The gracious Image ſeeming to give leave,

Pro-

Propitious ſtands, vouching to be ſeen;
And by our Muſe ſaluted,

Mighty Queen,

In whom the extreams of Power and Beauty move?
The Queen of *Britain*, and the Queen of Love,
As the bright Sun (to which we owe no ſight
Of equal Glory to your Beauties light)
Is wiſely plac'd in ſo ſublime a ſeat,
T' extend his light, and moderate his heat:
So happy 'tis you move in ſuch a ſphear;
As your high Majeſty with awful fear,
In humane Breaſts might qualify that Fire,
Which kindled by thoſe Eyes had flamed higher,
Than when the ſcorched World like hazard run,
By the approach of the ill guided Sun.
No other Nymphs have Title to men's Hearts,
But as their Meaneſs larger hope imparts:

Your

Your Beauty more the fondeſt Lover moves
With Admiration, than his private loves;
With Admiration; for a pitch ſo high
(Save ſacred *Charles* his) never Love durſt fly.
Heaven that preferr'd a Scepter to your hand,
Favour'd our freedom, more than your command:
Beauty had crown'd you, and you muſt have been
The whole Worlds Miſtreſs, other than a Queen.
All had been rivals; and you might have ſpar'd,
Or kill'd and tyranniz'd without a Guard.
No power atchiev'd, either by Arms or Birth,
Equals Love's Empire, both in Heaven and Earth.
Such eyes as yours, on *Jove* himſelf have thrown
As bright and fierce a lightning as his own:
Witneſs our *Jove*, prevented by their flame
In his ſwift paſſage to th' Heſperian Dame;
When, like a Lion, finding in his way
To ſome intended ſpoil, a fairer prey;

The Royal youth purſuing the report
Of Beauty, found it in the Gallique Court.
There publique care with private paſſion fought
A doubtful combat in his noble thought:
Should he confeſs his greatneſs, and his love,
And the free Faith of your great Brother prove,
With his *Achates* breaking through the cloud
Of that diſguiſe which did their Graces ſhroud,
And mixing with thoſe gallants at the Ball,
Dance with the Ladies and out-ſhine them all;
Or on his Journey o're the Mountains ride?
So when the fair *Leucothoe* he eſpy'd,
To check his ſteeds, impatient *Phœbus* earn'd;
Though all the World was in his courſe concern'd
What may hereafter her Meridian do,
Whoſe dawning beauty warm'd his boſome ſo?
Not ſo divine a flame, ſince deathleſs Gods
Forbore to viſit the defil'd abodes

Of

Of men, in any mortal breaſt did burn;
Nor ſhall, till Piety and they return.

Upon His Majeſties *repairing of* Paul's.

1631.

THat ſhipwrack veſſel which th' Apoſtle bore
Scarce ſuffer'd more upon *Melitas* ſhore,
Than did his Temple in the Sea of time;
(Our Nations Glory, and our Nations crime)
When the firſt Monarch of this happy Iſle.
Mov'd with the ruine of ſo brave a pile,
This work of coſt and piety begun,.
To be accompliſh'd by his glorious Son;
Who all that came within the ample thought
Of his wiſe Sire, has to perfection brought.
He like *Amphion* makes thoſe Quarries leap
Into fair figures from a confus'd heap:

For in his Art of Regiment is found
A power, like that of Harmony in ſound.
Thoſe antique Minſtrels ſure were *Charles*-like Kings,
Cities their Lutes, and Subjects Hearts their Strings;
On which with ſo divine a hand they ſtrook,
Conſent of motion from their breath they took.
So all our minds with his conſpire to grace
The Gentiles great Apoſtle, and deface
Thoſe State-obſcuring ſheds, that like a Chain
Seem'd to confine and fetter him again;
Which the glad Saint ſhakes off at his command,
As once the Viper from his ſacred hand:
So joys the aged Oak, when we divide
The creeping Ivy from his injur'd ſide.

Ambition rather would affect the fame
Of ſome new ſtructure, to have born her name:
Two diſtant Virtues in one act we find,
The Modeſty and Greatneſs of his mind;

Which

Which not content to be above the rage
And injury of all-impairing age,
In its own worth ſecure, doth higher climb,
And things half ſwallow'd from the jaws of Time
Reduce; an earneſt of his grand deſign
To frame no new Church, but the Old refine:
Which Spouſe-like may with comely grace com-
(mand
More than by force of argument or hand.
For doubtful reaſon few can apprehend;
And War brings ruin where it ſhould amend:
But Beauty with a bloodleſs conqueſt, finds
A welcome Soveraignty in rudeſt minds.
Not ought which *Sheba*'s wondring Qeeen beheld
Amongſt the works of *Solomon*, excell'd
His Ships and building; emblems of a Heart
Large both in Magnanimity and Art.
While the propitious Heavens this work attend,
Long wanted ſhowers they forget to ſend;

As if they meant to make it underſtood,
Of more importance than our vital food.
The Sun which riſeth to ſalute the Quire
Already finiſh'd, ſetting ſhall admire
How private bounty could ſo far extend;
The King built all, but *Charles* the Weſtern-end
So proud a Fabrick to Devotion given,
At once it threatens and obliges Heaven.
Laomedon that had the Gods in pay,
Neptune, with him that rules the ſacred day,
Could no ſuch ſtructure raiſe; *Troy* wall'd ſo high,
Th' *Artides* might as well have forc'd the ſky.
Glad, though amazed, are our neighbour Kings
To ſee ſuch power employed in peaceful things.
They liſt not urge it to the dreadful field;
The task is eaſier to deſtroy, than build.

——*Sic gratia Regum*
Pieriis tentata modis. Horat.

The

The Country to my Lady of Carliſle.

Madam,

OF all the ſacred Muſe inſpired,
Orpheus alone could with the Woods comply;
Their rude Inhabitants his Song admired,
And Natures ſelf in thoſe that could not lye.
Your Beauty next our Solitude invades,
And warms us, ſhining through the thickeſt ſhades
Nor ought the tribute, which the wondring Court
Pays your fair Eyes, prevail with you to ſcorn
The anſwer and conſent to that report,
Which Eccho-like the Country do's return:
Mirrors are taught to Flatter, but our Springs
Preſent th' impartial Images of things.
A Rural Judge diſpos'd of Beauties prize,
A ſimple Shepherd was preferr'd to *Jove*;

Down to the Mountains from the partial Skies
Came *Juno*, *Pallas*, and the Queen of Love,
To plead for that, which was ſo juſtly given
To the bright *Carliſle* of the Court of Heaven.

Carliſle! a Name which all our Woods are taught,
Loud as his *Amarillis* to reſound;
Carliſle! a Name which on the Bark is wrought
Of every Tree that's worthy of the Wound.
From *Phœbus* rage, our ſhadows, and our Streams,
May guard us better than from *Carliſles* Beams.

The Counteſs of Carliſle *in Mourning.*

1636.

WHen from black Clouds no part of Sky is (clear,
But juſt ſo much as lets the Sun appear;
Heaven then would ſeem thy Image, and reflect
Thoſe Sable Veſtments, and that Bright Aſpect.

A ſpark of Virtue by the deepeſt ſhade
Of ſad adverſity is fairer made;
Nor leſs advantage doth thy Beauty get,
A *Venus* riſing from a Sea of Jet.
Such was th' appearance of new formed Light,
While yet it ſtruggled with Eternal night.
Then mourn no more; leſt thou admit encreaſe
Of Glory, by thy noble Lords Deceaſe.
We find not that the Laughter-loving Dame
Mourn'd for *Anchiſes*; 'twas enough ſhe came
To grace the Mortal with her deathleſs Bed,
And that his living Eyes ſuch Beauty fed:
Had ſhe been there, untimely joy through all
Mens Hearts diffus'd, had mar'd the Funeral.
Thoſe eyes were made to baniſh grief: as well
Bright *Phœbus* might affect in ſhades to dwell,
As they to put on ſorrow; nothing ſtands
But power to grieve, except from thy commands.

If

If thou lament, thou muſt do ſo alone;
Grief in thy preſence, can lay hold on none.
Yet ſtill perſiſt the memory to love
Of that great *Mercury* of our mighty *Jove*.
Who by the power of his enchanting tongue,
Swords from the hands of threatning Monarchs wrung.
War he prevented, or ſoon made it ceaſe,
Inſtructing Princes in the Arts of Peace:
Such as made *Sheba*'s curious Queen reſort
To the large-hearted Hebrews Famous Court,
Had *Homer* ſat amongſt his wondring gueſts,
He might have learned at thoſe ſtupenduous Feaſts,
With great Bounty, and more ſacred State
The Banquets of the Gods to celebrate.
But O! what Elocution might he uſe,
What potent Charms that could ſo ſoon infuſe
His abſent Maſters love into the Heart
Of *Henrietta*, forcing her to part

From

From her lov'd Brother, Country, and the Sun,
And like *Camillo* o're the waves to run
Into his arms; while the Pariſian Dames
Mourn for their Raviſh't glory: at their flames
No leſs amaz'd, than the amazed Stars,
When the bold Charmer of *Theſſalian* Wars
With Heaven it ſelf, and numbers does repeat
Which call deſcending *Cynthia* from her Seat.

In anſwer to one who Writ againſt a fair Lady.

WHat Fury has provok't thy Wit to dare
With *Diomede*, to wound the Queen of (Love,
Thy Miſtriſs's Envy, or thine own Deſpair?
Not the juſt *Pallas* in thy Breaſt did move
So blind a Rage, with ſuch a different Fate;
He Honour won, where thou haſt purchaſt Hate.

She

She gave aſſiſtance to his Trojan Foe;
Thou that without a Rival thou mayeſt love,
Doſt to the beauty of this Lady owe,
While after her the Gazing world does move.
Canſt thou not be content to Love alone,
Or is thy Miſtreſs not content with one?
Haſt thou not read of fairy *Arthurs* ſhield,
Which but diſclos'd, amazed the weaker eyes?
Of proudeſt Foes, and won the doubtful Field?
So ſhall thy Rebel wit become her prize.
Should thy Iambicks ſwell into a Book,
All were confuted with one Radiant look.
Heav'n he oblig'd that plac'd her in the skies,
Rewarding *Phœbus*, for inſpiring ſo
His noble Brain, by likening to thoſe Eyes
His joyful Beams: But *Phœbus* is thy Foe,
And neither aids thy Fancy nor thy Sight;
So ill thou Rhim'ſt againſt ſo fair a Light.

On

On my Lady Dorothy Sidneys *Picture.*

ſo oft mention'd under the Poetical name of Zacharina

SUch was *Philoclea*, ſuch *Mucidorus* Flame;
The matchleſs *Sidney* that immortal Frame
Of perfect Beauty on two Pillars plac't,
Not his high Fancy could one pattern grac't
With ſuch extreams of Excellence compoſe,
Wonders ſo diſtant in one Face diſcloſe:
Such cheerful Modeſty, ſuch humble State,
Moves certain Love, but with a doubtful Fate:
As when beyond our Greedy reach we ſee,
Inviting Fruit on too ſublime a Tree.
All the rich Flow'rs through his *Arcadia* found,
Amaz'd we ſee, in this one Garland bound.
Had but this Copy, which the Artiſt took
From the fair Picture of that noble Book,

Stood

Stood at *Calanders*; the brave friends had jarr'd
And Rivals made, th' enſuing ſtory marr'd.
Juſt nature firſt inſtructed by his thought,
In his own Houſe thus practiſ'd what he taught.
This glorious piece tranſcends what he could think;
So much his Blood is nobler than his Ink.

To Vandike.

RAre *Artiſan*! whoſe penſil moves
Not our Delights alone, but Loves:
From thy Shop of Beauty we,
Slaves return, that enter'd free.
The heedleſs Lover does not know
Whoſe Eyes they are that wound him ſo;
But confounded with thy Art,
Inquires her name that has his Heart.

Another

Another who did long refrain,
Feels his Old wound bleed freſh again,
With dear remembrance of that Face,
Where now he reads new hopes of Grace:
Nor Scorn, nor Cruelty does find;
But gladly ſuffers a falſe wind
To blow the Aſhes of Deſpair
From the reviving Brand of care:
Fool that forgets her ſtubborn look,
This ſoftneſs from thy finger took.
Strange that thy Hand ſhould not inſpire
The beauty only, but the fire:
Not the form alone, and grace,
But act and power of a Face.
May'ſt thou yet thy ſelf as well,
As all the world beſides, excel;
So you th' unfeigned Truth rehearſe;
That I may make it Live in Verſe

Why

Why thou couldſt not at one aſſay,
That Face to after-times convey,
Which this admires; was it thy wit
To make her oft before thee ſit?
Confeſs, and we'll Forgive thee this;
For who would not repeat that bliſs,
And frequent ſight of ſuch a Dame,
Buy with the hazard of his Fame?
Yet who can tax thy blameleſs skill,
Though thy good hand had failed ſtill?
When Natures ſelf ſo often errs:
She for this many thouſand years
Seems to have practis'd with much care,
To frame the Race of Women Fair;
Yet never could a perfect Birth
Produce before to grace the Earth,
Which waxed old, e're it could ſee
Her that amaz'd thy Art and Thee.

But now 'tis done, O let me know
Where thoſe immortal Colours grow,
That could this deathleſs piece compoſe
In Lillies, or the Fading Roſe?
No, for this Theft thou haſt climb'd higher
Than did *Prometheus* for his Fire.

Of the Lady who can ſleep when ſhe pleaſes.

NO wonder Sleep from careful Lovers flies
To bath himſelf in *Sachariſſa*'s eyes;
As fair *Aſtrea* once from Earth to Heaven
By Strife and loud Impiety was driven:
So with our Plaints offended and our Tears,
Wiſe *Somnus* to that Paradice repairs,
Waits on her will and wretches do's forſake
To court the Nymph, for whom thoſe wretches wake

More proud then *Phœbus* of his Throne of Gold
Is the ſoft God, thoſe ſofter Limbs to hold;
Nor would exchange with *Jove*, to hide the Skies
In darkning Clouds, the power to cloſe her eyes:
Eyes which ſo far all other Lights controul,
They warm our Mortal parts, but theſe our Soul
Let her free Spirit, whoſe unconquer'd Breaſt
Holds ſuch deep quiet, and untroubled reſt,
Know, that though *Venus* and her Son ſhould ſpare
Her Rebel Heart, and never teach her Care;
Yet *Hymen* may inforce her vigils keep,
And for anothers Joy ſuſpend her Sleep.

Of the miſ-report of her being Painted.

AS when a ſort of Wolves infeſt the night
With their wild howlings at fair *Cynthia*'s light,

The

The noiſe may chaſe ſweet ſlumber from our eyes,
But never reach the Miſtreſs of the Skies:
So with the news of *Sachariſſa*'s wrongs,
Her vexed ſervants blame thoſe envious tongues;
Call Love to witneſs, that no painted Fire
Can ſcorch Men ſo, or kindle ſuch deſire:
While unconcerned ſhe ſeems mov'd no more
With this new Malice, than our Loves before;
But from the height of her great Mind looks down
On both our paſſions, without Smile or Frown:
So little care of what is done below
Hath the bright Dame, whom Heaven affected ſo.
Paints her, 'tis true, with the ſame hand wch ſpreads
Like Glorious Colours thro' the Flowry Meads;
When laviſh Nature with her beſt Attire
Cloaths the gay Spring, the ſeaſon of deſire;
Paints her 'tis true, and does her cheek adorn
With the ſame Art wherewith ſhe paints the Morn:

With the ſame Art, wherewith ſhe gildeth ſo
Thoſe painted Clouds which form *Thaumantias* bow.

Of her paſſing through a crowd of People.

AS in old *Chaos* Heaven with Earth confus'd,
And Stars with Rocks, together cruſh'd and (bruis'd:
The Sun his light no further could extend
Than the next hill, which on his Shoulders lean'd:
So in this throng bright *Sachariſſa* far'd,
Oppreſs'd by thoſe who ſtrove to be her Guard:
As Ships though never ſo obſequious, fall
Foul in a Tempeſt on their Admiral.
A greater Favour this diſorder brought
Unto her Servants, than their awful thought
Durſt entertain, when thus compell'd they preſt
The yielding Marble of her ſnowy Breaſt.
While love inſults, diſguiſed in the Cloud,
And welcome force of that unruly Croud.

So

So the amorous Tree, while yet the Air is calm,
Juſt diſtance keeps from his deſired Palm:
But when the Wind her raviſh't Branches throws
Into his Arms, and mingles all their Boughs;
Though loath he ſeems her tender leaves to preſs'
More loath he is that Friendly ſtorm ſhould ceaſe,
From whoſe rude Bounty, he the double uſe
At once receives, of Pleaſure and Excuſe.

The Story of Phœbus *and* Daphne *applied.*

THirſis a Youth of the inſpired Train,
Fair *Sachariſſa* lov'd, but lov'd in vain:
Like *Phœbus* ſung the no leſs amorous Boy;
Like *Daphne* ſhe as lovely and as Coy:
With numbers he the flying Nymph purſues,
With numbers ſuch as *Phœbus* ſelf might uſe.
Such is the chaſe, when Love and Fancy leads,
O're craggy Mountains, and through floury Meads;

Invok'd to teſtifie the Lover's care,
Or form ſome Image of his cruel fair:
Urg'd with his fury like a wounded Deer,
O'er theſe he fled, and now approaching near,
Had reach't the Nymph with his harmonious lay,
Whom all his charms could not incline to ſtay;
Yet what he ſung in his immortal ſtrain,
Though unſucceſsful, was not ſung in vain:
All but the Nymph, that ſhould redreſs his wrong
Attend his paſſion, and approve his Song.
Like *Phœbus* thus, acquiring unſought praiſe,
He catcht at Love, and fill'd his Arms with Bays.

Fabula Phœbi & Daphnes.

ARcadiæ juvenis Thirſis, Phœbique Sacerdos,
Ingenti fruſtra Sachariſſæ ardebat amore:
Haud Deus ipſe olim Daphni majora canebat,
Nec fuit aſperior Daphne, nec pulchrior illa:

Carmi-

Carminibus Phœbo dignis premit ille fugacem
Per rupes, per ſaxa, volans per florida vates
Paſcua; formoſam nunc his componere Nympham,
Nunc illis crudelem inſanâ mente ſolebat:
Audîit illa procul miſerum, citheramque ſonantem,
Audîit, at nullis reſpexit mota querelis;
Ne tamen omnino caneret, deſertus, ad alta
Sidera perculſi, referunt nova carmina montes.
Sic non quaſitis cumulatus laudibus olim
Elapſa reperet Daphni ſua laurea Phœbus.

Of Mrs. Arden.

BBehold, and liſten, while the fair
Breaks in ſweet ſounds the willing air,
And with her own breath fans the Fire
Which her bright eyes do firſt inſpire.
What reaſon can that Love controul,
Which more than one way courts the Soul?

So when a flash of Lightning falls
On our Abodes, the danger calls
For humane Aid, which hopes the Flame
To Conquer, though from Heaven it came:
But if the Winds with that conspire;
Men strive not, but deplore the Fire.

To Amoret.

FAir, that you may truly know
What you unto *Therſis* owe;
I will tell you how I do
Sachariſſa Love, and you.

Joy ſalutes me, when I ſet
My bleſt Eyes on *Amoret*:
But with wonder I am ſtrook,
When I on the other look.

If

If ſweet *Amoret* complains,
I have ſenſe of all her pains;
But for *Sachariſſa* I
Do not only Grieve, but Die.

All that of my ſelf is mine,
Lovely *Amoret*, is thine;
Sachariſſa's Captive fain
Would untie his Iron chain;

And thoſe ſcorching Beams to ſhun,
To thy gentle ſhadow run.
If the ſoul had free Election
To diſpoſe of her affection,
I would not thus long have born
Haughty *Sachariſſa*'s ſcorn:
But 'tis ſure ſome power above,
Which controuls our Wills in Love,

If not Love, a ſtrong deſire
To create and ſpread that Fire
In my Breaſt, ſolicites me
Beauteous *Amoret*, for thee.

'Tis Amazement, more than Love,
Which her radiant eyes do move;
If leſs ſplendor wait on thine,
Yet they ſo benignly ſhine,

I would turn my dazled ſight
To behold their milder light.
But as hard 'tis to deſtroy
That High Flame, as to enjoy:
Which, how eaſily I may do
Heaven (as eaſily ſcal'd) does know.
Amoret, as ſweet and good
As the moſt delicious Food,

Which but taſted, does impart
Life and gladneſs to the Heart:
Sachariſſa's beautie's Wine,
Which to madneſs doth inclines,
Such a Liquor as no Brain
That is Mortal, can ſuſtain.
Scarce can I to Heaven excuſe
The Devotion, which I uſe
Unto that adored Dame;
For 'tis not unlike the ſame,
Which I thither ought to ſend:
So that if it could take end;
'Twould to Heaven it ſelf be due
To ſucceed her, and not you,
Who already have of me
All that's not Idolatry:
Which, though not ſo fierce a Flame,
Is longer like to be the ſame.

Then

Then ſmile on me, and I will prove,
Wonder is ſhorter liv'd than Love.

On the Head of a Stag.

SO ye ſome antique *Hero*'s ſtrength
Learn by his Launees weight and length;
As theſe vaſt beams expreſs the beaſt,
Whoſe ſhady brows alive they dreſt:
Such Game, while yet the world was new,
The mighty *Nimrod* did purſue.
What Huntſman of our feebly Race,
Or Dogs, dare ſuch a Monſter chaſe?
Reſembling with each blow he ſtrikes
The charge of a whole Troop of Pikes.
O fertile Head, which every year
Could ſuch a crop of wonder bear!
The teeming earth did never bring
So ſoon, ſo hard, ſo huge a thing;

Which

Which might it never have been caſt,
Each years growth added to the laſt,
Theſe lofty Branches had ſupply'd
The Earths bold Son's prodigious Pride;
Heaven with theſe Engines had been ſcal'd,
When Mountains heap'd on Mountains fail'd.

To a Lady in the Garden.

SEes not my Love, how time reſumes
The Glory which he lent theſe Flow'rs?
Though none ſhould taſt of their perfumes,
Yet muſt they live but ſome few hours;
Time, what we forbear, devours.

Had *Hellen* or the Egyptian Queen,
Been near ſo thrifty of their Graces;
Thoſe Beauties muſt at length have been
The ſpoil of Age, which finds out faces
In the moſt retired places.

Should

Should ſome malignant Planet bring
A barren drought, or ceaſeleſs Show'r
Upon the Autumn, or the Spring,
And ſpare us neither Fruit nor Flow'r;
Winter would not ſtay an hour.

Could the reſolve of Loves neglect
Preſerve you from the violation
Of coming years, then more reſpect
Were due to ſo Divine a faſhion;
Nor would I indulge my paſſion.

The Miſers Speech in a Maſque.

BAlls of this Metal ſlack'd Atlanta's pace,
And on the Amorous Youth beſtow'd the Race:
Venus, the Nymphs mind meaſuring by her own,
Whom the rich ſpoils of Cities overthrown
Had proſtrated to *Mars*, could well adviſe
Th'adventurous Lover how to gain the prize.

Nor

Nor leſs may *Jupiter* to Gold aſcribe;
For when he turn'd himſelf into a Bribe,
Who can blame *Danae*, or the brazen Tow'r,
That they with-ſtood not that Almighty ſhow'r?
Never till then, did Love make *Jove* put on
A form more bright, and Nobler than his own:
Nor were it juſt, would he reſume that ſhape,
That ſlack Devotion ſhould his Thunder ſcape.
'Twas not Revenge for griev'd *Apollo*'s wrong,
Thoſe Aſſes ears on *Mida*'s Temples hung:
But fond Repentance of his happy wiſh,
Becauſe his Meat grew Metal like his Diſh.
Would *Bacchus* bleſs me ſo; I'de conſtant hold
Unto my wiſh, and dye Creating Gold.

On the Friendſhip betwixt two Ladies.

TEll me Lovely loving Pair,
Why ſo kind, and ſo ſevere?
Why ſo careleſs of our care,
Only to your ſelves ſo dear?

By this cunning change of hearts,
You the power of Love controul;
While the Boys deluded Darts,
Can arrive at neither ſoul.

For in vain to either Breaſt
Still beguiled Loves does come;
Where he finds a forreign Gueſt,
Neither of your Hearts at home.

Debters thus with like deſign,
When they never mean to pay;

That

That they may the Law decline,
To ſome friend make all away.

Not the ſilver Doves that flie,
Yoakt in *Citharea*'s Car;
Not the wings that lift ſo high,
And convey her Son ſo far,

Are ſo Lovely, Sweet, and Fair,
Or do more ennoble Love,
Are ſo choicely matcht a pair,
Or with more conſent do move.

Of her Chamber.

THey taſte of death that do at Heaven arrive;
But we this Paradiſe approach alive.
Inſtead of Death, the dart of Love does ſtrike,
And renders all within theſe walls alike:

The high in Titles, and the Shepheard here,
Forgets his Greatneſs, and forgets his Fear:
All ſtand amaz'd, and gazing on the Fair,
Loſe thought of what themſelves, or others are;
Ambition loſe, and have no other ſcope,
Save *Carliſle*'s Favour to implore their Hope.
The *Thracian* could (tho' all thoſe Tales were true
The bold Greeks tell) no greater Wonders do;
Before his Feet, ſo Sheep and Lions lay
Fearleſs and Wrathleſs, while they heard him play.
The Gay, the Wiſe, the Gallant, and the Grave,
Subdu'd alike, all but one Paſſion have:
No worthy mind, but finds in hers there is
Something proportion'd to the rule of his.
Whilſt ſhe with cheerful, but impartial Grace,
(Born for no one, but to delight the Race
Of Men) like *Phœbus*, ſo divides her light,
And warms us, that, ſhe ſtoops not from her height.

Of

Of Loving at firſt Sight.

NOT caring to obſerve the Wind,
Or the new Sea explore,
Snatch'd from my ſelf, how far behind,
Already I behold the ſhoar!

May not a Thouſand Dangers ſleep
In the ſmooth boſome of this deep?
No: 'Tis ſo Rockleſs and ſo Clear,
That the rich bottom does appear
Pav'd all with pretious things, not torn
From ſhipwrack'd Veſſels, but there born.

Sweetneſs, Truth, and every Grace,
Which Time and Uſe are wont to teach,
The eye may im a moment reach,
And read diſtinctly in her Face.

Some other Nymphs with Colours faint,
And penſil ſlow may *Cupid* paint,
And a weak heart in time deſtroy;
She has a ſtamp, and prints the Boy,
Can with a ſingle look inflame
The coldeſt Breaſt, the rudeſt tame.

The Self Baniſhed.

IT is not that I love you leſs
Than when before your feet I lay:
But to prevent the ſad encreaſe
Of hopeleſs Love, I keep away.

In vain (alas!) for every thing
Which I have known belong to you,
Your form does to my Fancy bring,
And makes my old wounds bleed anew.

Who

Who in the Spring from the New Sun,
Already has a Fever got,
Too late begins thoſe ſhafts to ſhun,
Which *Phœbus* through his veins has ſhot;
Too late he would the pain aſſwage,
And to thick ſhadows does retire;
About with him he bears the rage,
And in his tainted bloud the Fire.

But vow'd I have, and never muſt
Your baniſht ſervant trouble you;
For if I break, you may miſtruſt
The vow I made to love you too.

SONG.

GO lovely Roſe,
Tell her that waſtes her time and me,

That now ſhe knows,
When I reſemble her to thee,
How ſweet and fair ſhe ſeems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And ſhuns to have her Graces ſpy'd,
That had'ſt thou ſprung
In Deſarts, where no Men abide,
Thou muſt have uncommended dyed.

Small is the worth
Of Beauty from the light retir'd;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer her ſelf to be deſir'd,
And not bluſh ſo to be admir'd.

Then die, that ſhe,
The common fate of all things rare,
May read in thee;

How

How ſmall a part of time they ſhare,
That are ſo wondrous ſweet and fair.

Thirſis, Galatea.

Th. AS lately I on Silver *Thames* did ride,
Sad *Galatea* on the Bank I ſpy'd:
Such was her look as ſorrow taught to ſhine;
And thus ſhe grac'd me with a Voice Divine.

Gal. You that can tune your ſounding Strings ſo well
Of Ladies Beauties, and of Love to tell;
Once change your Note, and let your Lute report
The juſteſt grief that ever touch'd the Court.

Th. Fair Nymph, I have in your Delights no ſhare,
Nor ought to be concerned in your care:
Yet would I ſing, if I your ſorrows knew,
And to my Aid invoke no Muſe but you.

Gal. Hear then, and let your Song augment our grief,
Which is ſo great, as not to wiſh relief:
She that had all which Nature gives or Chance,
Whom Fortune joyn'd with Virtue to advance,
To all the joys this Iſland could afford,
The greateſt Miſtreſs, and the kindeſt Lord:
Who with the Royal mixt her Noble blood,
And in high Grace with *Gloriana* ſtood;
Her Bounty, Sweetneſs, Beauty, Goodneſs, ſuch,
That none e'er thought her happineſs too much:
So well inclin'd her favours to confer,
And kind to all, as Heaven had been to her.
The Virgins part, the Mother, and the Wife,
So well ſhe acted in this ſpan of life,
That though few years (too few alas!) ſhe told,
She ſeem'd in all things, but in Beauty, old,
As unripe Fruit, whoſe verdant ſtalks do cleave
Cloſe to the Tree, which grieves no leſs to leave

The

The ſmiling pendant which adorns her ſo,
And until Autumn, on the Bough ſhould grow;
So ſeem'd her youthful ſoul not eaſily forc't,
Or from ſo fair, ſo ſweet a ſeat divorc't.
Her fate at once did haſty ſeem and ſlow,
At once too cruel, and unwilling too.

Th. Under how hard a Law are Mortals born
Whom now we envy, we anon muſt mourn:
What Heaven ſets higheſt, and ſeems moſt to prize
Is ſoon removed from our wondring eyes.
But ſince the Siſters did ſo ſoon untwine
So fair a Thread, I'le ſtrive to piece the line.
Vouchſafe ſad Nymph to let me know the Dame
And to the Muſes I'le commend her name,
Make the wide Country eccho to your moan,
The liſtning Trees and ſavage Mountains groan:
What rocks not mov'd when the death is ſung
Of one ſo good, ſo lovely, and ſo young?

'Twa

Gal. 'Twas *Hamilton*, whom I had nam'd before;
But naming her, Grief lets me say no more.

The Battel of the Summer-Islands.

Cant. I.

What Fruits they have, and how Heaven smiles
Upon those late discovered Isles.

Aid me *Bellona*, while the dreadful Fight
Betwixt a Nation and two Whales I write:
Seas stain'd with gore, I sing, advent'rous toyl,
And how these Monsters did disarm an Isle.
Bermudas wall'd with Rocks, who does not know,
That happy Island, where huge Lemons grow,
And Orange trees which Golden Fruit do bear,
Th' Hesperian Garden boasts of none so fair:
Where shining Pearl, Coral, and many a pound,
On the Rich Shore, of Amber-greece is found:

The

The lofty Cedar, which to Heaven aſpires,
The Prince of Trees, is fewel for their Fires:
The ſmoak by which their loaded ſpits do turn,
For incenſe might, on Sacred Altars burn:
Their private Roofs on od'rous Timber born,
Such as might Palaces for Kings adorn,
The ſweet *Palmettas* a new *Bacchus* yield,
With leaves as ample as the broadeſt ſhield:
Under the ſhadow of whoſe friendly Boughs
They ſit carowſing, where their Liquor grows.
Figs there unplanted through the Fields do grow,
Such as fierce *Cato* did the *Romans* ſhow,
With the rare Fruit inviting them to ſpoil
Carthage the Miſtriſs of ſo rich a ſoil.
The naked Rocks are not unfruitful there,
But at ſome conſtant ſeaſons every year,
Their barren tops with luſcious Food abound,
And with the eggs of various Fowls are crown'd;

Tobacco

Tobacco is the worſt of things, which they
To *Engliſh* Land-lords as their Tribute pay:
Such is the Mould, that the Bleſt Tenant feeds
On precious Fruits, and pays his Rent in Weeds:
With candid Plantines, and the juicy Pine,
On choiceſt Melons and ſweet Grapes they dine
And with Potatoes fat their wanton Swine.
Nature theſe Cates with ſuch a laviſh hand
Pours out among them, that our courſer Land
Taſtes of that bounty, and does Cloth return,
Which not for Warmth, but Ornament is worn:
For the kind Spring which but ſalutes us here,
Inhabits there, and courts them all the year:
Ripe Fruits and bloſſoms on the ſame Trees live;
At once they promiſe, what at once they give:
So ſweet the Air, ſo moderate the Clime;
None ſickly lives, or dies before his time.
Heaven ſure has kept this ſpot of earth uncurſt,

To

To ſhew how all things were Created firſt.
The tardy Plants in our cold Orchards plac'd,
Reſerve their Fruit for the next ages taſte:
There a ſmall grain in ſome few Months will be
A firm, a lofty, and a ſpacious Tree:
The *Palma Chriſti*, and the fair *Papah*,
Now but a ſeed (preventing Natures law)
In half the Circle of the haſty year
Project a ſhade, and lovely fruit do wear:
And as their Trees in our dull Region ſet
But faintly grow, and no perfection get;
So in this *Northern* Tract our hoarſer Throats
Utter unripe and ill conſtrained Notes:
Where the Supporter of the Poets Style,
Phœbus, on them eternally does ſmile.
O, how I long! my careleſs Limbs to lay
Under the Plantanes ſhade, and all the day
With am'rous Airs my Fancy entertain,

Invoke

Invoke the Muſes, and improve my vein!
No paſſion there in my free breaſt ſhould move,
None but the ſweet and beſt of paſſions, Love:
There while I ſing, if gentle Love be by
That tunes my Lute, and winds the Strings ſo high,
With the ſweet ſound of *Sacharissa*'s name,
I'll make the liſtning Savages grow tame.
But while I do theſe pleaſing dreams indite,
I am diverted from the promis'd fight.

Canto II.

Of their alarm, and how their Foes
Diſcovered were, this Canto *ſhows.*

THough Rocks ſo high about this Iſland riſe,
That well they may th' num'rous Turk deſpiſe
Yet is no humane fate exempt from fear,
Which ſhakes their hearts, while thro' the Iſle they (hear

A laſting noiſe, as horrid and as loud
As thunder makes, before it breaks the Cloud.
Three days they dread this murmur, e're they know
From what blind cauſe th' unwonted ſound may grow:
At length Two Monſters of unequal ſize,
Hard by the ſhoar a Fiſher-man eſpies;
Two mighty Whales, which ſwelling Seas had toſt,
And left them priſoners on the rocky Coaſt;
One as a Mountain vaſt, and with her came
A Cub not much inferior to his Dame:
Here in a Pool among the Rocks engag'd,
They roar'd like Lions, caught in toyls, and rag'd:
The man knew what they were, who heretofore
Had ſeen the the like lie murdered on the ſhore,
By the wild fury of ſome Tempeſt caſt
The fate of ſhips and ſhipwrackt men to taſte,
As careleſs Dames whom Wine and Sleep betray
To frantick dreams their Infants overlay:

So

So there ſometimes the raging Ocean fails,
And her own Brood expoſes; when the Whales
Againſt ſharp Rocks like reeling Veſſels quaſh'd,
Though huge as Mountains, are in pieces daſh'd;
Along the ſhore their dreadful Limbs lie ſcatter'd,
Like Hills with Earthquakes ſhaken, torn & ſhatter'd.
Hearts ſure of Braſs they had, who tempted firſt,
Rude Seas that ſpare not what themſelves have nurſt.
The welcom News through all the Nation ſpread,
To ſudden joy and hope converts their dread.
What lately was their publick terror, they
Behold with glad Eyes as a certain prey;
Diſpoſe already of the untaken ſpoil,
And as the purchaſe of their future toil,
Theſe ſhare the Bones, and they divide the Oyl;
So was the Huntſman by the Bear oppreſt,
Whoſe Hide he ſold before he caught the Beaſt.

They

They man their Boats, and all their young men (arm
With whatſoever may the Monſters harm;
Pikes, Halberts, Spits, and Darts that wound ſo far;
The Tools of Peace, and Inſtruments of War:
Now was the time for vig'rous Lads to ſhew
What love or honor could invite them too;
A goodly Theatre where Rocks are round
With reverend age, and lovely Laſſes crown'd:
Such was the Lake which held this dreadful pai,
Within the bounds of noble *Warwicks* ſhare:
Warwicks bold Earl, than which no title bears
A greater ſound among our Britiſh Peers;
And worthy he the memory to renew,
The fate and honour to that title due;
Whoſe brave adventures have transferr'd his name,
And thro' the new world ſpread his growing fame,
But how they fought, & what their valour gain'd,
Shall in another Canto be contain'd.

Canto III.

The bloody fight, ſucceſsleſs toyl,
And how the Fiſhes ſack'd the Iſle.

THe Boat which on the firſt aſſault did go,
Struck with a harping Iron the younger foe;
Who when he felt his ſide ſo rudely goar'd,
Loud as the Sea that nouriſh't him he roar'd.
As a broad Bream to pleaſe ſome curious taſt,
While yet alive in boyling water caſt,
Vex't with unwonted heat, boyls, flings about
The ſcorching braſs, and hurls the liquor out:
So with the barbed Javeling ſtung, he raves,
And ſcourges with his tayl the ſuffering waves:
Like *Spencer's Talus* with his Iron flayl;
He threatens ruin with his pond'rous tayl;

Diſſolving

Diſſolving at one ſtroke the batter'd Boat,
And down the men fall drenched in the Moat:
With every fierce encounter they are forc't
To quit their Boats, and fare like men unhorſt.

The bigger Whale like ſome huge Carrack lay
Which wanteth Sea-room, with her foes to play,
Slowly ſhe ſwims, and when provok'd ſhe wo'd
Advance her tail, her head ſalutes the mud;
The ſhallow water doth her force infringe,
And renders vain her tails impetuous ſwinge:
The ſhining ſteel her tender ſides receive,
And there like Bees they all their weapons leave.

This ſees the Cub, and does himſelf oppoſe
Betwixt his cumbred mother and her foes:
With deſperate courage he receives her wounds,
And men and boats his active tayl confounds.
Their forces joyned, the Seas with billows fill,
And make a tempeſt, though the winds be ſtill.

Now would the men with half their hoped prey
Be well content, and wiſh this Cub away:
Their wiſh they have; he to direct his dam
Unto the gap through which they hither came,
Before her ſwims, and quits the hoſtile Lake,
A priſ'ner there, but for his mothers ſake.
She by the Rocks compell'd to ſtay behind,
Is by the vaſtneſs of her bulk confin'd.
They ſhout for joy, and now on her alone
Their fury falls, and all their Darts are thrown.
Their Lances ſpent; and bolder than the reſt
With his broad ſword provok'd the ſluggiſh beaſt:
Her oily ſide devours both blade and heft,
And there his Steel the bold Bermudian left.
Courage the reſt from his example take,
And now they change the colour of the Lake:
Blood flows in Rivers from her wounded ſide,
As if they would prevent the tardy tide,

And

And raiſe the flood to that propitious height,
As might convey her from this fatal ſtreight.
She ſwims in blood, and blood do's ſpouting throw
To Heaven, that Heaven mens cruelties might know.
Their fixed Javelins in her ſide ſhe wears,
And on her back a grove of Pikes appears:
You would have thought, had you the monſter (ſeen
Thus dreſt, ſhe had another Iſland been.
Roaring ſhe tears the air with ſuch a noiſe,
(As well reſembled the conſpiring voice
Of routed Armies, when the field is won)
To reach the ears of her eſcaped ſon.
He (though a league removed from the fo)
Haſtes to her aid; the pious Trojan ſo
Neglecting for *Creuſas* life his own,
Repeats the danger of the burning Town.
The men amazed bluſh to ſee the ſeed
Of monſters, human piety exceed:

Well proves this kindneſs what the Grecians ſung,
That Loves bright mother from the ocean ſprung.
Their courage droops, and hopeleſs now they wiſh
For compoſition with th' unconquer'd fiſh:
So ſhe their weapons would reſtore again,
Thro' Rocks they'd hew her paſſage to the main.
But how inſtructed in each others mind,
Or what commerce can men with Monſters find?
Not daring to approach their wounded foe,
Whom her couragious ſon protected ſo;
They charge their Muſquets, and with hot deſire
Of full revenge, renew the fight with fire:
Standing aloof, with lead they bruiſe the ſcales,
And tear the fleſh of the incenſed Whales.
But no ſucceſs their fierce endeavours found,
Nor this way could they give one fatal wound.
Now to their Fort they are about to ſend
For the loud Engines which their Iſle defend.

But

But what thoſe pieces fram'd to batter walls
Would have effected on thoſe mighty Whales,
Great *Neptune* will not have us know, who ſends
A tyde ſo high, that it relieves his friends,
And thus they parted with exchange of harms;
Much blood the Monſters loſt, and they their Arms.

SONG.

PEace, babling Muſe,
I dare not ſing what you indite;
Her eyes refuſe
To read the paſſion which they write;
She ſtrikes my Lute, but if it ſound,
Threatens to hurl it on the ground;
And I no leſs her anger dread,
Than the poor wretch that feigns him dead,
While ſome fierce Lion does embrace
His breathleſs corps, and licks his face;

Wrapt up in ſilent fear he lies,
Torn all in pieces if he cries.

Of Love.

ANger in haſty words or blows,
It ſelf diſcharges on our foes,
And ſorrow too finds ſome relief,
In tears which wait upon our grief:
So every paſſion, but fond Love,
Unto its own redreſs does move;
But that alone the wretch inclines
To what prevents his own deſigns;
Makes him lament, and ſigh, and weep,
Diſordred, tremble, fawn and creep;
Poſtures which render him deſpis'd,
Where he endeavours to be priz'd.
For women, born to be controul'd,
Stoop to the forward and the bold,

Affect

Affect the haughty and the proud,
The gay, the frolick, and the loud.
Who firſt the gen'rous Steed oppreſt,
Not kneeling did ſalute the beaſt;
But with high courage, life and force
Approaching, tam'd th' unruly horſe.
Unwiſely we the wiſer Eaſt
Pity, ſuppoſing them oppreſt
With Tyrants force, whoſe law is will,
By which they govern, ſpoyl and kill:
Each Nymph but moderately fair,
Commands with no leſs Rigor here.

Should ſome brave Turk, that walks among
His twenty Laſſes bright and young,
And beckens to the willing Dame
Prefer'd to quench his preſent flame,
Behold as many Gallants here,
With modeſt guiſe, and ſilent fear.

All to one Female Idol bend,
Whil'ſt her high pride does ſcarce deſcend
To mark their follies, he would ſwear
That theſe her guard of Eunuchs were;
And that a more Majeſtique Queen,
Or humbler ſlaves he had not ſeen.

All this with indignation ſpoke,
In vain I ſtruggled with the yoke
Of mighty love; that conquering look,
When next beheld, like lightning ſtrook
My blaſted ſoul, and made me bow
Lower than thoſe I pitied now.

So the tall Stag upon the brink
Of ſome ſmooth ſtream about to drink,
Surveying there, his armed head,
With ſhame remembers that he fled
The ſcorned dogs, reſolves to try
The combat next; but if their cry

Invades again his trembling ear,
He ſtraight reſumes his wonted care;
Leaves the untaſted Spring behind,
And wing'd with fear, out flies the wind.

To Phillis.

PHillis, why ſhould we delay
Pleaſures ſhorter than the day?
Could we (which we never can)
Stretch our lives beyond their ſpan;
Beauty like a ſhadow flies,
And our youth before us dies;
Or would youth and beauty ſtay,
Love hath wings, and will away.
Love hath ſwifter wings than Time;
Change in love to Heaven does climb;
Gods that never change their ſtate,
Vary oft their love and hate.

Phillis, to this truth we owe,
All the love betwixt us two:
Let not you and I require,
What has been our paſt deſire;
On what Shepherds you have ſmil'd,
Or what Nymphs I have beguil'd;
Leave it to the Planets too,
What we ſhall hereafter do;
For the joys we now may prove,
Take advice of preſent love.

To Phillis.

PHillis, 'twas love that injur'd you,
And on that Rock your *Thirſis* threw,
Who for proud *Cælia* could have dy'd,
Whilſt you no leſs accus'd his pride.
Fond Love his darts at random throws,
And nothing ſprings from what he ſows:

From foes diſcharg'd as often meet
The ſhining points of Arrows fleet,
In the wide Air creating fire,
As ſouls that joyn in one deſire.

Love made the lovely *Venus* burn
In vain, and for the cold youth mourn,
Who the purſuit of churliſh Beaſts.
Prefer'd to ſleeping on her Breaſts.

Love makes ſo many hearts the prize,
Of the bright *Carliles* conquering eyes,
Which ſhe regards no more than they,
The tears of leſſer beauties weigh:
So have I ſeen the loſt Clouds pour,
Into the Sea a uſeleſs ſhower,
And the vext Sailors curſe the rain,
For which poor Shepherds pray'd in vain.
Then *Phillis*, ſince our paſſions are
Govern'd by chance, and not the care

But ſport of Heaven, which takes delight
To look upon this *Parthian* flight,
Of Love, ſtill flying or in chaſe,
Never encount'ring face to face;
No more to love we'll ſacrifice,
But to the beſt of Deities:
And let our hearts which love disjoyn'd,
By his kind Mother be combin'd.

SONG.

WHile I liſten to thy voice,
(*Chloris*) I feel my life decay,
That powerful noiſe
Calls my flitting ſoul away.
Oh! ſuppreſs that Magick ſound,
Which deſtroys without a wound.

Peace

Peace *Chloris*, peace, or ſinging die;
That together you and I,
To Heaven may go:
For all we know,
Of what the bleſſed do above,
Is, that they ſing, and that they love.

SONG.

STay *Phœbus*, ſtay,
The world to which you flie ſo faſt,
Conveying day
From us to them, can pay your haſt,
With no ſuch object, nor ſalute your riſe
With no ſuch wonder, as *de Mornay*'s eyes.
Well do's this prove,
The error of thoſe antique books,
Which made you move,
About the world; her charming looks

Would

Would fix your beams, and make it ever day;
Did not the rowling Earth ſnatch her away.

To Amoret.

AMoret, the milky way,
Fram'd of many nameleſs ſtars,
The ſmooth ſtream where none can ſay,
He this drop to that prefers;

Amoret, my lovely foe,
Tell me where thy ſtrength does lie;
Where the power that charms us ſo,
In thy Soul, or in thy eye?

By that ſnowy neck alone,
Or thy grace in motion ſeen,
No ſuch wonders could be done;
Yet thy waſte is ſtreight and clean,

As *Cupids* ſhaft, or *Hermes* rod,
And powerful too, as either God.

To my Lord of Falkland.

1678.

BRave *Holland* leads, & with him *Falkland* goes:
Who hears this told, and does not ſtraight
We ſend the Graces and the Muſes forth, (ſuppoſe
To Civilize, and to Inſtruct the *North?*
Not that theſe Ornaments make ſwords leſs ſharp,
Apollo bears as well his Bow as Harp;
And though he be the Patron of that Spring,
Where in calm peace the Sacred Virgins ſing,
He courage had to guard th' invaded Throne
Of *Jove*, and caſt th' ambitious Giants down.

Ah (noble Friend) with what impatience all
That know thy worth, and know how prodigal
Of thy great Soul thou art, longing to twiſt
Bays with that Ivy, which ſo early kiſt

Thy youthful Temples, with what horror we
Think on the blind events of War and thee?
To Fate expoſing that all-knowing breaſt,
Among the throng as cheaply as the reſt:
Where Oaks and Brambles (if the Cops be burn'd)
Confounded lie to the ſame Aſhes turn'd.
Some happy wind over the Ocean blow
This Tempeſt yet, which frights our Iſland ſo;
Guarded with Ships, and all the Sea our own,
From Heaven this miſchief on our heads is thrown.
In a late Dream the *Genius* of this Land,
Amaz'd, I ſaw, like the fair *Hebrew* ſtand,
When firſt ſhe felt the Twins begin to jar,
And found her womb the ſeat of Civil War:
Inclin'd to whoſe relief, and with preſage
Of better fortune for the preſent age,
Heav'n ſends, quoth I, this diſcord for our good,
To warm, perhaps, but not to waſte our bloud,

To raiſe our drooping ſpirits, grown the ſcorn
Of our proud neighbours, who ere long ſhall mourn,
(Though now they joy in our expected harms)
We had occaſion to reſume our Arms.

A Lion ſo with ſelf-provoking ſmart,
His rebel tail ſcourging his Nobler part,
Calls up his courage, then begins to roar,
And charge his foes, who thought him mad before.

For Drinking of Healths.

LEt Bruits and Vegetals, that cannot think,
So far as drought and nature urges, drink:
A more indulgent Miſtriſs guides our ſprights,
Reaſon, that dares beyond our appetites;
She would our Care as well as Thirſt redreſs,
And with Divinity rewards exceſs:
Deſerted *Ariadne* thus ſupply'd,
Did perjur'd *Theſeus* cruelty deride;

Bacchus imbrac'd, from her exalted thought
Baniſh'd the man, her paſſion, and his fault.
Bacchus and *Phœbus* are by *Jove* ally'd,
And each by others timely heat ſupply'd:
All that the Grapes owe to his ripening fires,
Is paid in numbers which their juice inſpires.
Wine fills the Veins, and healths are underſtood,
To give our friends a Title to our Blood:
Who naming me, doth warm his courage ſo,
Shews for my ſake what his bold hand would do.

On my Lady Iſabella *playing on the Lute.*

SUch moving ſounds, from ſuch a careleſs touch,
So unconcern'd her ſelf, and we ſo much!
What art is this, that with ſo little pains
Tranſports us thus, and o'er our ſpirits reigns?
The trembling ſtrings about her fingers crowd,
And tell their Joy for every kiſs aloud:

Small

Small force there needs to make them tremble ſo,
Touch't by that hand who would not tremble too?
Here Loves takes ſtand, and while ſhe charms the ear,
Empties his quiver on the liſt'ning Deer;
Muſick ſo ſoftens and diſarms the mind,
That not an Arrow does reſiſtance find.
Thus the fair Tyrant celebrates the prize,
And acts her ſelf the triumph of her eyes.
So *Nero* once, with Harp in hand ſurvey'd
His flaming *Rome*, and as it burnt he play'd.

To a Lady ſinging a Song of his Compoſing.

CHoris your ſelf you ſo excel
When you vouchſafe to breath my thought,
That like a ſpirit with this ſpell
Of my own teaching I am caught.

That Eagles fate, and mine are one,
Which on the ſhaft that made him die,
Eſpy'd a feather of his own
Wherewith he wont to ſoar ſo high.

Had eccho with ſo ſweet a grace,
Narciſſus's loud complaints return'd,
Not for reflection of his face,
But of his voice the Boy had burn'd.

Of the Marriage of the Dwarfs.

DEſign or chance makes others wive,
But Nature did this Match contrive;
Eve might as well have *Adam* fled,
As ſhe deny'd her little Bed
To him, for whom Heaven ſeem'd to frame,
And meaſure out this only Dame.

Thrice

Thrice happy is that humble pair
Beneath the level of all care;
Over whoſe heads thoſe Arrows flie
Of ſad diſtruſt and Jealouſie;
Secured in as high extream,
As if the World held none but them.

To him the faireſt Nymphs do ſhow
Like moving Mountains topt with ſnow;
And every Man a *Polypheme*
Does to his *Galatea* ſeem;
None may preſume her Faith to prove,
He profers Death that profers Love.

Ah (*Chloris*) that kind nature thus
From all the world had ſever'd us,
Creating for our ſelves us two,
As Love has me for only you,

Love's farewel.

TReading the path to Nobler Ends,
A long farewel to love I gave;
Reſolv'd my Country and my Friends
All that remain'd of me ſhould have;
And this Reſolve no mortal Dame,
None but thoſe eyes could have o'erthrown.
The Nymph, I dare not, need not name,
So high, ſo like her ſelf alone.
Thus the tall Oak which now aſpires
Above the fear of private Fires,
Crown and deſign'd for nobler uſe,
Not to make warm, but build the houſe,
Though from our meaner flames ſecure,
Muſt that which falls from Heaven indure,

From

From a Child.

Madam,

AS in ſome Climes the warmer Sun
Makes it full Summer e're the Spring's begun,
And with ripe fruit the bending boughs can load
Before our Violets dare look abroad:
So meaſure not by any common uſe,
The early Love your brighter eyes produce.
When lately your fair hand in womens weed,
Wrap't my glad head, I wiſh't me ſo indeed,
That haſty Time might never make me grow
Out of thoſe favours you afford me now;
That I might ever ſuch indulgence find,
And you not bluſh, or think your ſelf too kind,
Who now I fear while I theſe joys expreſs,
Begin to think how you may make them leſs;

The

The ſound of Love makes your ſoft heart afraid,
And guard it ſelf, though but a Child invade,
And innocently at your white breaſt throw
A Dart as white, a Ball of new-fal'n ſnow.

On a Girdle.

THat which her ſlender waſt confin'd,
Shall now my joyful Temples bind;
No Monarch but would give his Crown,
His Arms might do what this has done.

It was my Heaven's extreameſt Sphear,
The pale which held that lovely Dear;
My Joy, my Grief, my Hope, my Love,
Did all within this Circle move.

A narrow compaſs, and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair:

Give

Give me but what this Riban bound,
Take all the reſt the Sun goes round.

The Apology of Sleep.

For not approaching the Lady, who can do any thing but ſleep when ſhe pleaſeth.

MY charge it is thoſe breaches to repair
Which nature takes from ſorrow, toil and (care:
Reſt to the Limbs, and quiet I confer
On troubled minds; but naught can add to her,
Whom Heaven and her tranſcendant thoughts have (plac'd
Above thoſe ills, which wretched Mortals taſte.
Bright as the deathleſs Gods, and happy She,
From all that may infringe delight, is free:
Love at her Royal Feet his quiver lays,
And not his Mother with more haſte obeys.

Such

Such real pleaſures, ſuch true joys ſuſpence,
What Dream can I preſent to recompence?
Should I with lightning fill her awful hand,
And make the clouds ſeem all at her command:
Or place her in *Olympus* top, a gueſt
Among th' immortals, who with Nectar feaſt:
That power would ſeem, that entertainment ſhort
Of the true ſplendor of her preſent Court;
Where all the joys and all the Glories are
Of three great Kingdoms, ſever'd from the care.
I that of fumes end humid vapours made,
Aſcending do the ſeat of ſenſe invade,
No Cloud in ſo ſerene a Manſion find,
To over-caſt her ever-ſhining mind,
Which holds reſemblance with thoſe ſpotleſs Skies,
Where flowing *Nilus* want of Rain ſupplies;
That Chriſtal Heaven, where *Phœbus* never ſhrouds
His golden beams, nor wraps his Face in Clouds.

But

But what ſo hard which numbers cannot force?
So ſtoops the Moon, and Rivers change their courſe:
The bold *Maonian* made me dare to ſteep
Joves dreadful Temples in the dew of ſleep.
And ſince the Muſes do invoke my power,
I ſhall no more decline that Sacred Bower,
Where *Gloriana* their great Miſtreſs lies,
But gently taming thoſe victorious Eyes,
Charm all her ſenſes; till the joyful Sun
Without a Rival half his courſe has run:
Who while my hand that fairer light confines,
May boaſt himſelf the brighteſt thing that ſhines.

At Pens-hurſt.

WHile in the Park I ſing, the liſt'ning Deer
Attend my paſſion, and forget to fear.
When to the Beeches I report my flame,
They bow their Heads as if they felt the ſame:

To

To Gods appealing, when I reach their bow'rs
With loud complaints, they anſwer me in ſhow'rs.
To thee a wild and cruel Soul is given,
More deaf than Trees, and prouder than the Heav'n.
Loves Foe profeſt, why doſt thou falſly feign
Thy ſelf a *Sidney*? from which Noble ſtrain
He ſprung, that could ſo far exalt the name
Of Love, and warm our Nation with his Flame,
That all we can of Love or high deſire,
Seems but the ſmoak of amorous *Sydneys* fire.
Nor call her Mother, who ſo well do's prove.
One breaſt may hold both Chaſtity and Love.
Never can ſhe, that ſo exceeds the Spring
In Joy and Bounty, be ſuppos'd to bring
One ſo deſtructive; to no humane ſtock
We owe this fierce unkindneſs, but the Rock,
That cloven Rock produc'd thee, by whoſe ſide
Nature to recompence the fatal pride

Of ſuch ſtern Beauty, plac'd thoſe healing ſprings,
Which not more help, than that deſtruction brings.
Thy heart no ruder than the rugged ſtone,
I might like *Orpheus* with my numerous moan
Melt to compaſſion; now my trait'rous ſong,
With thee conſpires to do the Singer wrong:
While thus I ſuffer not my ſelf to loſe
The memory of what augments my woes:
But with my own breath ſtill foment the Fire,
Which flames as high as fancy can aſpire.

This laſt complaint th' indulgent ears did pierce
Of juſt *Apollo*, Preſident of Verſe:
Highly concerned, that the Muſe ſhould bring
Damage to one whom he had taught to ſing;
Thus he advis'd me, on yon aged Tree,
Hang up thy Lute, and hye thee to the Sea,
That there with wonders thy diverted mind
Some truce at leaſt may with this paſſion find.

Ah

Ah cruel Nymph! from whom her humble Swain
Flies for relief unto the raging Main;
And from the Winds and Tempeſts does expect
A milder fate, than from her cold neglect:
Yet there he'll pray, that the unkind may prove
Bleſt in her choice; and vows this endleſs Love
Springs from no hope of what ſhe can confer,
But from thoſe gifts which Heaven has heap'd on her.

Another.

HAd *Sachariſſa* liv'd when Mortals made
Choice of their Deities, this Sacred ſhade
Had held an Altar to her power, that gave
The Peace and Glory which theſe allays have:
Embroidered ſo with Flowers where ſhe ſtood,
That it became a Garden of a Wood:
Her preſence has ſuch more than humane Grace,
That it can civilize the rudeſt place;

And

And beauty too, and order can impart,
Where nature ne'r intended it, nor Art.
The Plants acknowledge this, and her admire
No leſs than thoſe of old, did *Orpheus*'s Lire:
If ſhe ſit down, with tops all towards her bow'd,
They round about her into Arbors crowd;
Or if ſhe walk, in even ranks they ſtand,
Like ſome well-Marſhal'd and obſequious band.
Amphion ſo made ſtones and timber leap
Into fair Figures from a confus'd heap:
And in the ſymmery of her parts is found
A power, like that of harmony in ſound.
Ye lofty Beeches, tell this matchleſs Dame,
That if together ye fed all one Flame,
It could not equalize the hundredth part
Of what her eyes have kindled in my heart,
Go Boy, and carve this paſſion on the Bark
Of yonder Tree, which ſtands the ſacred mark

Of noble *Sidneys* birth; when such benign,
Such more than mortal-making ſtars did ſhine,
That there they cannot but for ever prove
The monument and pledge of humble Love;
His humble Love, whoſe hope ſhall ne'r riſe higher
Than for a pardon that he dares admire.

To my Lord of Leiceſter.

NOt that thy Trees at *Penſ-hurſt* groan
Oppreſſed, with their timely load,
And ſeem to make their ſilent moan,
That their great Lord is now abroad:
They to delight his taſt or eye,
Would ſpend themſelves in fruit, and dye.

Not that thy harmleſs Deer repine,
And think themſelves unjuſtly ſlain
By any other hand than thine,
Whoſe Arrows they would gladly ſtain:

No, nor thy friends which hold too dear
That peace with *France*, which keeps thee there.

All theſe are leſs than that great cauſe,
Which now exacts your preſence here,
Wherein there meet the divers Laws
Of publick and domeſtick care.
For one bright Nymph our youth contends,
And on your prudent choice depends.

Not the bright ſhield of *Thetis*'s *Son*,
For which ſuch ſtern debate did riſe,
That the Great *Ajax Telamon*
Refus'd to live without the Prize,
Thoſe Achive Peers did more engage,
Than ſhe the gallants of our age.

That beam of Beauty which begun
To warm us ſo when thou wert here.

Now ſcorches like the raging Sun
When *Syrius* does firſt appear.
O fix this Flame, and let deſpair
Redeem the reſt from endleſs care!

To a very young Lady.

WHy came I ſo untimely forth
Into a World, which wanting thee
Could entertain us with no worth
Or ſhadow of felicity?
That time ſhould me ſo far remove
From that which I was born to love.

Yet faireſt bloſſom, do not ſlight
That age which you may know ſo ſoon;
The Roſie Morn reſigns her light,
And milder Glory to the Noon:
And then what wonders ſhall you do,
Whoſe dawning Beauty warms us ſo?

Hope

Hope waits upon the flowry prime,
And Summer, though it be leſs gay,
Yet is not lookt on as a time
Of declination or decay.
For with a full hand that does bring
All that was promis'd by the Spring.

SONG.

SAy lovely dream, where could'ſt thou find
Shadows to counterfeit that face?
Colours of this Glorious kind,
Come not from any mortal place.

In Heaven it ſelf thou ſure wer't dreſt
With that Angel-like diſguiſe;
Thus deluded am I bleſt,
And ſee my joy with cloſed Eyes.

But ah! this Image is too kind
To be other than a dream!
Cruel *Sachariſſa*'s Mind
Never put on that ſweet extream.

Fair dream, if thou intend'ſt me grace,
Change that Heavenly face of thine;
Paint deſpis'd Love in thy face,
And make it to appear like mine.

Pale, Wan, and Meagre let it look,
With a pity-moving ſhape,
Such as wander by the Brook
Of *Lethe*, or from graves eſcape.

Then to that matchleſs Nymph appear,
In whoſe ſhape thou ſhineſt ſo,
Softly in her ſleeping ear,
With humble words expreſs my wo.

Perhaps

Perhaps from Greatneſs, State, and Pride,
Thus ſurpriſed ſhe may fall:
Sleep does diſproportion hide,
And death reſembling equals all.

SONG.

BEhold the brand of Beauty toſt;
See how the motion does dilate the Flame;
Delighted Love his ſpoils does boaſt,
And triumph in this game.
Fire to no place confin'd,
Is both our wonder and our fear,
Moving the mind,
As Lightning hurled through the Air.

High Heaven the Glory does encreaſe
Of all her ſhining lamps this artful way;

The Sun in Figures ſuch as theſe
Joys with the Moon to play.
To the ſweet ſtrains they advance,
Which do reſult from their own ſpheres;
As this Nymphs dance,
Moves with the numbers which ſhe hears.

On the diſcovery of a Ladies Painting.

Pigmaleon's fate reverſt is mine.
His marble Love took fleſh and Bloud;
All that I worſhipt as Divine,
That Beauty now 'tis underſtood,
Appears to have no more of life
Than that whereof he fram'd his Wife.

As Women yet who apprehend
Some ſudden cauſe of cauſeleſs fear,

Although that ſeeming cauſe take end,
And they behold do danger near,
A ſhaking through their Limbs they find,
Like leaves ſaluted by the wind:

So though the Beauty do appear
No Beauty, which amaz'd me ſo;
Yet from my breaſt I cannot tear
The paſſion which from thence did grow,
Nor yet out of my fancy raſe
The print of that ſuppoſed face.

A real Beauty, though too near,
The fond *Narciſſus* did admire;
I dote on that which is no where,
The ſign of Beauty feeds my fire:
No mortal Flame was e're ſo cruel
As this which thus ſurvives the fuel.

To a Lady from whom he received a Silver Pen.

Madam,

INtending to have try'd
The Silver Favour which you gave,
In Ink the ſhining point I dy'd,
And drench'd it in the ſable wave:
When griev'd to be ſo foully ſtain'd,
On you it thus to me complain'd.

Suppoſe you had deſerv'd to take
From her fair hand ſo fair a boon;
Yet how deſerved I to make
So ill a change, who ever won
Immortal praiſe for what I wrought,
Inſtructed by her Noble thought?

I that

I that expreſſed her commands
To mighty Lords and Princely Dames,
Always moſt welcome to their hands,
Proud that I would record their names,
Muſt now be taught an humble ſtile
Some meaner Beauty to beguile.

So I, the wronged Pen to pleaſe,
Make it my humble thanks expreſs
Unto your Ladyſhip in theſe;
And now 'tis forced to confeſs,
That your great ſelf did ne're indite,
Nor that to one more Noble write.

On a Brede of divers Colours, woven by four Ladies.

TWice Twenty ſlender Virgin fingers twine
This curious Web, where all their fancies ſhine
As

As Nature Them, ſo they this ſhade have wrought
Soft as their hands, and various as their thought.
Not *Juno*'s Bird, when his fair train diſpread,
He wooes the Female to his painted bed;
No not the bow which ſo adorns the Skies,
So glorious is, or boaſts ſo many dies.

To my Lord of Northumberland *upon the death of his Lady.*

TO this great loſs a Sea of Tears is due;
But the whole debt not to be paid by you:
Charge not your ſelf with all, nor render vain
Thoſe ſhow'rs the eyes of us your ſervants rain.
Shall grief contract the largeneſs of that heart,
In which nor fear nor anger has a part?
Virtue would bluſh, if time ſhould boaſt (which dries
Her ſole child dead, the tender Mothers eyes)

Your minds relief, where reaſon triumphs ſo
Over all paſſions, that they ne'r could grow
Beyond their limits in your Noble Breaſt,
To harm another, or impeach your reſt.
This we obſerv'd, delighting to obey
One who did never from his great ſelf ſtray:
Whoſe mild example ſeemed to engage
Th' obſequious Seas, and teach them not to rage.
The brave *Emilius*, his great charge laid down,
(The force of *Rome*, and Fate of *Macedon*)
In his loſt ſons did feel the cruel ſtroke
Of changing fortune, and thus highly ſpoke
Before *Rome's* people: we did oft implore
That if the Heav'ns had any bad in ſtore
For your *Emilius*, they would pour that ill
On his own houſe, and let you flouriſh ſtill.
You on the barren Seas (my Lord) have ſpent,
Whole Springs and Summers, to the publick lent:

Suſpend

Suſpended all the pleaſures of your life,
And ſhortned the ſhort joy of ſuch a wife:
For which your Countrey's more obliged, then
For many lives of old, leſs-happy men.
You that have ſacrific'd ſo great a part
Of Youth and private bliſs, ought to impart
Your ſorrow too, and give your friends a right
As well in your Affliction, as Delight:
Then with *Emilian* courage bear this croſs,
Since publick perſons only publick loſs
Ought to affect: and though her form and youth,
Her application to your Will and Truth,
That noble Sweetneſs, and that humble State
All ſnatch'd away by ſuch a haſty fate,
Might give excuſe to any common Breaſt,
With the huge weight of ſo juſt grief oppreſt;
Yet let no portion of your life be ſtain'd
With paſſion, but your character maintain'd

To

To the laſt Act; it is enough, her Stone
May honoured be with Superſcription
Of the ſole Lady, who had power to move
The Great *Northumberland* to grieve and love.

To my Lord Admiral of his late Sickneſs and Recovery.

WIth joy like ours, the *Thracian* youth invades
Orpheus returning from th' *Elizian* ſhades,
Embrace the *Hero*, and his ſtay implore,
Make it their publick ſuit, he would no more
Deſert them ſo, and for his Spouſes ſake,
His vaniſht Love, tempt the *Lethean* Lake.
The Ladies too, the brighteſt of that time,
Ambitious all his lofty bed to clime,
Their doubtful hopes with expectation feed,
Who ſhall the fair *Euridice* ſucceed.

Euridice, for whom his num'rous moan
Makes liſtning Trees, and ſalvage Mountains groan.
Through all the Air his ſounding ſtrings dilate
Sorrow, like that which toucht our hearts of late.
Your pining ſickneſs, and your reſtleſs pain,
At once the Land affecting, and the Main:
When the glad news that you were Admiral,
Scarce through the Nation ſpread, 'twas fear'd by all
That our Great *Charles* whoſe wiſdom ſhines in you,
Would be perplexed how to chuſe a new.
So more than private was the joy and grief,
That at the worſt, it gave our ſouls relief:
That in our age ſuch ſenſe of virtue liv'd,
They joy'd ſo juſtly, and ſo juſtly griev'd.
Nature, (her faireſt lights eclipſed,) ſeems
Her ſelf to ſuffer in thoſe ſharp extremes:
While not from thine alone thy blood retires,
But from thoſe cheeks which all the World admires.

The

The ſtemm thus threatned, and the ſap in thee,
Droop all the branches of that noble Tree:
Their Beauty they, and we our Loves ſuſpend,
Nought can our wiſhes, ſave thy health intend:
As Lillies over charg'd with Rain they bend
Their beauteous heads, & and with high Heaven con
Fold thee within their ſnowy Army and cry (tend;
He is too faultleſs and too young to die:
So like immortals round about thee they
Sit, that they fright approaching death away:
Who would not languiſh by ſo fair a train,
To be lamented and reſtor'd again?

Or thus with-held, what haſty ſoul would go
Though to be bleſt? o'er her *Adonis* ſo
Fair *Venus* mourn'd, and with the precious ſhowr
Of her warm tears cheriſht the ſpringing Flow'r.

The next ſupport fair hope of your great name,
And ſecond pillar of that Noble frame,

By loſs of thee would no advantage have,
But ſtep by ſtep purſues thee to the grave.
And now relentleſs fate, about to end
The line which backward does ſo far extend,
Th' antick ſtock at which ſtill World ſupplies
With braveſt Spirits, and with brighteſt Eyes,
Kind *Phœbus* interpoſing, bid me ſay
Such ſtorms no more ſhall ſhake that houſe, but they,
Like *Neptune*, and his Sea-born Neece, ſhall be
The ſhining Glories of the Land and Sea:
With Courage guard, and Beauty warm our age,
And Lovers fill, with like Poetick rage.

A la Malade.

AH lovely *Amoret*, the care
Of all that know what's good or fair,
Is Heaven become our Rival too?
Had the rich gifts conferr'd on you,

So ample thence the common end,
Of giving Lovers, to pretend.
Hence to this pining ſickneſs (meant
To weary thee to a conſent
Of leaving us) no power is given,
Thy Beauties to impair; for Heaven
Sollicites thee with ſuch a care,
As Roſes from their ſtalks we tear,
When we would ſtill preſerve them new,
And freſh as on the buſh they grew.
With ſuch a Grace you entertain,
And look with ſuch contempt on pain,
That languiſhing you conquer more,
And wound us deeper than before.
So lightnings which in ſtorms appear,
Scorch more than when the Skies are clear.
And as pale ſickneſs does invade
Your frailer part, the breaches made

In that fair Lodging, ſtill more clear
Make the bright gueſt your ſoul, appear.
So Nymphs o're pathleſs Mountains born,
There light Robes by the Brambles torn
From their fair Limbs, expoſing new
And unknown Beauties to the view
Of following gods, increaſe their flame,
And haſte to catch the flying Game.

Of the Queen.

THe Lark that ſhuns on lofty boughs to build
Her humble Neſt, lies ſilent in the Field;
But if the promiſe of a cloudleſs day,
Aurora ſmiling, bids her riſe and play,
Then ſtraight ſhe ſhews, 'twas not for want of voice
Or power to climb, ſhe made ſo low a choice:
Singing ſhe mounts, her airy wings are ſtretcht
Towards Heaven, as if from Heaven her note ſhe (fetcht.

So

So we retiring from the buſie throng,
Uſe to reſtrain th' ambition of our Song;
But ſince the light which now informs our age
Breaks from the Court indulgent to her rage,
Thither my Muſe, like bold *Prometheus*, flies
To light her Torch at *Gloriana*'s eyes,

Thoſe Soveraign beams, which heal the wounded ſoul
And all our cares but once beheld controul;
There the poor Lover that has long endur'd
Some proud Nymphs ſcorn, of his fond paſſion cur'd
Fares like the man who firſt upon the ground
A glow worm ſpy'd, ſuppoſing he had found
A moving Diamond, a breathing Stone
(For life it had, and like thoſe jewels ſhone:)
He held it dear, till by the ſpringing day
Inform'd, he threw the worthleſs worm away.

She ſaves the Lover as we Gangrenes ſtay,
By cutting hope, like a lopt Limb, away:
This makes her bleeding Patients to accuſe
High Heaven, and theſe expoſtulations uſe:
Could Nature then no private Woman grace
(Whom we might dare to love) with ſuch a face,
Such a complexion, and ſo radiant eyes
Such lovely motion, and ſuch ſharp replies?
Beyond our reach, and yet within our ſight,
What envious power has plac'd this glorious light?
Thus in a Starry night fond Children cry
For the rich ſpangles that adorn the Sky;
Which though they ſhine for ever fixed there,
With light and influence relieve us here.
All her affections are to one enclin'd,
Her bounty and compaſſion to Mankind:
To whom while ſhe ſo far extends her grace,
She makes but good the promiſe of her face:

For

For Mercy has (could Mercies ſelf be ſeen)
No ſweeter look than this propitious Queen;
Such guard and comfort the diſtreſſed find
From her large power, and from her larger mind'
That whom ill fate would ruine, it prefers,
For all the Miſerable are made hers.

So the fair Tree whereon the Eagle builds,
Poor Sheep from tempeſts, & their Shepherds ſhields;
The Royal Bird poſſeſſes all the bows,
But ſhade and ſhelter to the Flock allows.

Joy of our age, and ſafety of the next,
For which ſo oft thy fertile Womb is vext:
Nobly contented, for the publick good
To waſte thy ſpirits, and diffuſe thy blood:
What vaſt hopes may theſe Iſlands entertain,
Where Monarchs thus deſcended are to reign?

Led by Commanders of ſo fair a Line,
Our Seas no longer ſhall our power confine.

A brave Romance who would exactly frame,
Firſt brings his Knight from ſome immortal Dame:
And then a weapon, and a flaming ſhield,
Bright as his mothers eyes, he makes him yield.
None might the mother of *Achilles* be,
But the fair Pearl, and glory of the Sea;
The man to whom great *Maro* gives ſuch fame
From the high bed of heavenly *Venus* came;
And our next *Charles*, (whom all the ſtars deſign
Like wonders to accompliſh) ſprings from thine.

Upon the Death of my Lady Rich.

MAy thoſe already curſt *Eſſexian* plains,
Where haſty death and pining ſickneſs reigns
Prove all a Deſart, and none there make ſtay,
But ſavage Beaſt, or men as wilde as they.

Three

Three the fair light which all our Iſland grac'd,
Like *Hero*'s Taper in the window plac'd,
Such fate from the malignant air did find,
As that expoſed to the boiſterous wind.
Ah cruel Heaven! to ſnatch ſo ſoon away
Her, for whoſe life had we had time to pray,
With thouſand vows and tears we ſhould have (fought
That ſad decrees ſuſpenſion to have wrought.
But we (alas) no whiſper of her pain
Heard, till 'twas ſin to wiſh her here again.
That horrid word at once like Lightning ſpread,
Strook all our ears, The Lady *Rich* is dead.
Heart rending news, and dreadful to thoſe few
Who her reſemble, and her ſteps perſue.
That death ſhould licenſe have to rage among
The fair, the wiſe, the vertuous, and the young;
The *Paphian* Queen from that fierce battle born,
With goared hand and veil ſo rudely torn,

Like

Like terror did among th' immortals breed,
Taught by her wound that Goddeſſes may bleed.
All ſtand amaz'd, but beyond the reſt
Th' heroique Dame whoſe happy womb ſhe bleſt,
Mov'd with juſt grief expoſtulates with Heaven,
Urging the promiſe to the obſequious given,
Of longer life; for nee'r was pious Soul
More apt t'obey, more worthy to controul.
A skilful Eye at once might read the Race
Of *Caledonian* Monarchs in her Face,
And ſweet Humility; her look and mind,
At once were lofty, and at once were kind.
There dwelt the ſcorn of Vice, and pity too,
For thoſe that did what ſhe diſdain'd to do;
So gentle and ſevere, that what was bad
At once her hatred and her pardon had.
Gracious to all, but where her Love was due,
So Faſt, ſo Faithful, Loyal, and ſo True,

That

That a bold hand as ſoon might hope to force
The rouling lights of Heaven, as change her courſe.
Some happy Angel, that beholds her there,
Inſtruct us to record what ſhe was here:
And when this cloud of ſorrow's over-blown,
Through the wide world we'l make her graces known.
So freſh the wound is, and the grief ſo vaſt,
That all our Art and Power of ſpeech is waſte:
Here paſſion ſways; but there the Muſe ſhall raiſe
Eternal Monuments of louder praiſe.
There our delight complying with her fame,
Shall have occaſion to recite thy name,
Fair *Sachariſſa*, and now only fair:
To ſacred friendſhip we'l an Altar rear,
Such as the *Romans* did erect of old,
Whereon a marble Pillar ſhall be told
The lovely paſſion each to other bare,
With the reſemblance of that matchleſs pair,

Narciſſus

Narciſſus to the thing for which he pin'd,
Was not more like, than yours to her fair mind:
Save that you grac'd the ſeveral parts of life,
A ſpotleſs Virgin, and a faultleſs Wife?
Such was the ſweet converſe 'twixt her and you,
As that ſhe holds with her aſſociates now.

How falſe is hope, and how regardleſs fate,
That ſuch a love ſhould have ſo ſhort a date!
Lately I ſaw her ſighing, part from thee
(Alas that ſuch the laſt farewell ſhould be!
So look't *Aſtræa*, her remove deſign'd,
On thoſe diſtreſſed friends ſhe left behind:
Conſent in Virtue knit your hearts ſo faſt,
That ſtill the knot, in ſpight of death does laſt:
For as your tears and ſorrow-wounded ſoul
Prove well that on your part this bond is whole:
So all we know of what they do above,
Is, that they happy are, and that they love.

Let

Let dark oblivion and the hollow grave
Content themſelves our frailer thoughts to have:
Well choſen Love is never taught to die,
But with our nobler part invades the Skie:
Then grieve no more, that one ſo Heavenly ſhap'd
The crooked hand of trembling age eſcap'd;
Rather ſince we beheld her not decay,
But that ſhe vaniſh'd ſo entire away:
Her wondrous beauty and her goodneſs merit,
We ſhould ſuppoſe that ſome propitious ſpirit,
In that celeſtial form frequented here,
And is not dead, but ceaſes to appear.

To the Queen-Mother of France *upon her Landing.*

GReat Queen of *Europe*, where thy off-ſpring (wears
All the chief Crowns, where Princes are thy (heirs

As

As welcome thou to Sea-girt *Britain*'s ſhore,
As erſt *Latona* (who fair *Cinthia* bore)
To *Delos* was. Here ſhines a Nymph as bright,
By thee diſclos'd, with like encreaſe of light.
Why was her Joy in *Belgia* confin'd?
Or why did you ſo much regard the wind?
Scarce could the Ocean (though inrag'd) have toſt
Thy Sovereign Bark, but where th'obſequious coaſt
Pays tribute to thy Bed: *Rome*'s conquering hand
More vanquiſh'd Nations under her command
Never reduc'd; glad *Berecinthia*, ſo
Among her deathleſs Progeny did go;
A wreath of Flow'rs adorn'd her rev'rend Head,
Mother of all that on *Ambroſia* fed.
Thy godlike race muſt ſway the age to come,
As ſhe *Olympus*, peopled with her womb.
Would thoſe Commanders of Mankind obey
Their honor'd Parent, all pretences lay

Down

Down at your Royal Feet, compoſe their jarrs,
And on the growing Turk diſcharge theſe Wars:
The Chriſtian Knights that ſacred Tomb ſhould (wreſt
From Pagan hands, and Triumph o'er the *Eaſt*;
Our *Englands* Prince and *Gallia's* Dolphin might
Like young *Rinaldo*, and *Tancredo* fight
In ſingle combate; by their ſword again
The proud *Argantes* and fierce *Soldan* ſlain;
Again, might we their valiant deeds recite,
And with your *Thuſcan* Muſe exalt the fight.

To the mutable Fair.

HEre, *Celia*, for thy ſake I part
With all that grew ſo near my heart;
The paſſion that I had for thee,
The Faith, the Love, the Conſtancy,
And that I may ſucceſsful prove
Transform my ſelf to what you love.

Fool

Fool that I was ſo much to prize
Thoſe ſimple virtues you deſpiſe,
Fool that with ſuch dull Arrows ſtrove,
Or hop'd to reach a flying Dove;
For you that are in motion ſtill
Decline our force, and mock our skill.
Who like *Don Quixot* do advance.
Againſt a Wind-mill our vain Launce.
Now will I wander through the Air,
Mount, make a ſtoop at every fair,
And with a fancy unconfin'd
(As lawleſs as the Sea or Wind)
Purſue you whereſoe'r you fly,
And with your various thoughts comply.

The formal Stars do travel ſo,
As we their names and courſes know,
And he that on their changes looks,
Would think them govern'd by our Books,

But

But never were the clouds reduc'd
To any Art the motion us'd
By thoſe free vapours are ſo light,
So frequent, that the conquer'd ſight
Deſpairs to find the rules that guide
Thoſe gilded ſhadows as they ſlide.
And therefore of the ſpacious Air
Joves royal conſort had the care:
And by that power did once eſcape,
Declining bold *Ixions* rape;
She with her own reſemblance grac'd
A ſhining cloud which he embrac'd.

Such was that Image, ſo it ſmil'd
With ſeeming kindneſs which beguil'd
Your *Thirſis* lately when he thought
He had his fleeting *Cælia* caught.
'Twas ſhap'd like her, but for the fair
He fil'd his Arms with yielding Air:

A fate for which he grieves the leſs,
Becauſe the gods had like ſucceſs.
For in their ſtory one (we ſee)
Purſues a Nymph, and takes a Tree:
A ſecond with a Lovers haſte
Soon overtakes whom he had chac'd;
But ſhe that did a Virgin ſeem,
Poſſeſt appears a wandring ſtream:
For his ſuppoſed love a third
Lays greedy hold upon a bird;
And ſtands amaz'd to find his dear,
A wild Inhabitant of the air.

To theſe old tales ſuch Nymphs as you
Give credit, and ſtill make them new,
The Am'rous now like wonders find,
In the ſwift changes of your mind.

But *Celia* if you apprehend
The Muſe of your incenſed friend;

Nor would that he record your blame,
And make it live, repeat the ſame,
Again deceive him, and again,
And then he ſwears he'll not complain.
For ſtill to be deluded ſo,
Is all the pleaſure Lovers know,
Who, (like good Faulkners) take delight,
Not in the quarry, but the flight.

Of Salley.

OF *Jaſon*, *Theſeus*, and ſuch worthies old,
Light ſeem the tales Antiquity has told.
Such beaſts and monſters as their force oppreſt
Some places only, and ſome times infeſt;
Salley that ſcorn'd all power and laws of Men,
Goods with their owners hurrying to their den,
And future ages threat'ning with a rude
And ſavage race ſucceſſively renew'd,

Their King deſpiſing with rebellious pride,
And foes profeſt to all the World beſide,
This peſt of Mankind gives our *Hero* fame,
And through th' obliged world dilates his name.

The Prophet once to cruel *Agag* ſaid,
As thy fierce ſword has mothers childleſs made,
So ſhall the ſword make thine; and with that word
He hew'd the man in pieces with his ſword:

Juſt *Charles* like meaſure has return'd to theſe,
Whoſe Pagan hands had ſtain'd the troubled Seas;
With Ships they made the ſpoiled Merchant mourn,
With Ships their City and themſelves are torn.
One Squadron of our winged Caſtles ſent
O'r-threw their Fort, and all their Navy rent:
For not content the dangers to encreaſe,
And act the part of tempeſts in the Seas,
Like hungry Wolves theſe Pirats from our ſhore,
Whole flocks of ſheep, and raviſh't Cattel bore;

Safely

Safely they might on other Nations prey,
Fools to provoke the Soveraign of the Sea:
Mad *Cacus* ſo whom like ill fate perſwades
The herd of fair *Alcmena*'s ſeed invades;
Who for revenge, and mortals glad relief,
Sack'd the dark cave, and cruſh'd that horrid Thief,
Morocco's Monarch wondring at this fact,
Save that his preſence his affairs exact,
Had come in perſon to have ſeen and known
The injur'd worlds revenger, and his own.
Hither he ſends the chief among his Peers,
Who in his Bark proportion'd Preſents bears
To the renown'd for piety and force,
Poor captives manumiz'd and matchles horſe.

Puerperium.

YOu Gods that have the power,
To trouble, and compoſe

All that's beneath your power,
Calm ſilence on the Seas, on Earth impoſe.
Fair *Venus* in thy ſoft arms,
The God of rage confine,
For thy whiſpers are the charms
Which only can divert his fierce deſign.

What though he frown, and to tumult do incline,
Thou the flame,
Kindled in his breaſt can'ſt tame,
With that ſnow which unmelted lies on thine?

Great Goddeſs give this thy ſacred Iſland reſt,
Make Heaven ſmile,
That no ſtorm diſturb us, while
Thy chief care our *Halcyon* builds her neſt.

Great *Glorian a*, fair *Gloriana*,
Bright as high Heaven is, and fertile as Earth,
Whoſe

Whoſe beauty relieves us,
Whoſe Royal Bed gives us
Both glory and peace.
Our preſent joy, and all our hopes increaſe.

Of a Lady who writ in praiſe of Mira.

WHile ſhe pretends to make the Graces (known
Of matchleſs *Mira*, ſhe reveals her own,
And when ſhe would anothers praiſe indite,
Is by her Glaſs inſtructed how to write.

To one married to an old Man.

SInce thou would'ſt needs, bewitcht with ſome (ill charms,
Be buried in thoſe monumental arms,
All we can wiſh, is, may that earth lie light
Upon thy tender limbs, and ſo good night.

To Flavia *Song.*

'Tis not your beauty can ingage
My wary heart:

The Sun in all his pride and rage,
Has not that Art;

And yet he ſhines as bright as you,
If brightneſs could our ſouls ſubdue.

'Tis not the pretty things you ſay,
Nor thoſe you write,
Which can make *Thirſis* heart your prey:

For that delight,
The graces of a well-taught mind,
In ſome of our own ſex we find.

No *Flavia*, 'tis your love I fear,
Loves ſureſt darts,
Thoſe which ſo ſeldom fail him are
Headed with hearts;

Their

Their very ſhadows makes us yield,
Diſſemble well, and win the field.

The Fall.

SEe how the willing earth gave way
To take th' impreſſion where ſhe lay.
See how the mould as loath to leave
So ſweet a burden, ſtill doth cleave.
Cloſe to the Nymphs ſtain'd garment; here
The coming Spring would firſt appear,
And all this place with Roſes ſtrow,
If buſie feet would let them grow;
Here *Venus* ſmil'd to ſee blind Chance
It ſelf, before her ſon advance,
And a fair Image to preſent
Of what the Boy ſo long had meant:
'Twas ſuch a chance as this made all
The World into this order fall:

Thus

Thus the firſt lovers, on the clay
Of which they were compoſed lay;
So in their prime with equal grace
Met the firſt patterns of our race:
Then bluſh not, (fair) or on him frown,
Or wonder how you both came down;
But touch him, and he'll tremble ſtrait,
How could he then ſupport your weight?
How could the Youth alas, but bend
When his whole Heaven upon him lean'd?
If ought by him amiſs were done,
'Twas that he let you riſe ſo ſoon.

Of Silvia.

OUr ſighs are heard, juſt Heav'n declares
The ſenſe it has of lovers cares:
She that ſo far the reſt out-ſhin'd,
Silvia the fair whiles ſhe was kind;

As

As if her frowns impair'd her brow,
Seems only not unhandſome now:
So when the Sky makes us endure
A ſtorm, it ſelf becomes obſcure.
Hence 'tis that I conceal my flame,
Hiding from *Flavia*'s ſelf her name:
Leſt ſhe provoking Heaven ſhould prove
How it rewards neglected love.
Better a thouſand ſuch as I
Their grief untold ſhould pine and die;
Then her bright morning over-caſt
With ſullen clouds ſhould be defac't.

The Budd.

LAtely on yonder ſwelling buſh,
Big with many a coming Roſe,
This early Bud began to bluſh,
And did but half it ſelf diſcloſe;

I pluck't it, though no better grown,
And now you ſee how full 'tis blown.

Still as I did the leaves inſpire,
With ſuch a purple light they ſhone
As if they had been made of fire,
And ſpreading ſo, would flame anon:
All that was meant, by Air or Sun
To the young flower, my breath has done.

If our looſe breath ſo much can do,
What may the ſame inform's of love,
Of pureſt love and muſick too
When *Flavia* it aſpires to move:
When that, which life-leſs buds perſwades
To wax more ſoft, her youth invades.

Upon Ben. Johnſon.

MIrror of Poets, mirror of our age!
Which her whole face beholding on thy ſtage
Pleas'd and diſpleas'd with her own faults, indures
A remedy like thoſe whom muſick cures:
Thou haſt alone thoſe various inclinations
Which Nature gives to Ages, Sexes, Nations:
So traced with thy All-reſembling Pen
That what e'r e cuſtom has impos'd on men;
Or ill got habit, which deforms them ſo,
That ſcarce a Brother can his Brother know,
Is repreſented to the wondring eyes
Of all that ſee or read thy Comedies:
Who ever in thoſe Glaſſes looks, may find
The ſpots return'd, or graces of his mind:
And by the help of ſo divine an Art
At leaſure view and dreſs his Nobler part.

Marciſſus

Narciſſus couzen'd by that flatt'ring Well,
Which nothing could but of his beauty tell,
Had here diſcovering the deform'd eſtate
Of his fond mind, preſerv'd him ſelf with hate;
But Vertue too, as well as Vice, is clad
In fleſh and Blood ſo well, that *Plato* had
Beheld what his high fancy once embrac't
Vertue with colours, ſpeech, and motion grac't:
The ſundry poſtures of thy copious Muſe
Who would expreſs, a thouſand Tongues muſt uſe;
Whoſe fate's no leſs peculiar than thy Art,
For as thou could'ſt all characters impart:
So none could render thine, who ſtill eſcapes
Like *Proteus* in variety of ſhapes;
Who was, nor this, nor that, but all, we find,
And all we can imagine in mankind.

To Mr. George Sands, *on his tranſlation of ſome parts of the Bible.*

HOw bold a work attempts that Pen,
Which would inrich our vulgar tongue
With the high raptures of thoſe men,
Who here with the ſame ſpirit ſung,
Wherewith they now aſſiſt the Quire
Of Angels, who their Songs admire?

What-ever theſe inſpired Souls
Were urged to expreſs did ſhake,
The aged deep, and both the Poles;
Their num'rous Thunder could awake
Dull Earth, which does with Heaven conſent
To all they wrote, and all they meant.

Say (Sacred Bard) what could beſtow
Courage on thee, to ſoar ſo high?

Tell

Tell me (brave Friend) what help'd thee ſo
To ſhake off all mortality?
To light this Torch, thou haſt climb'd higher
Than he who ſtole Celeſtial fire.

Chloris *and* Hilas. *Made to a Sarabran.*

Chl. *Hilas*, ô *Hilas*, why ſit we mute,
Now that each Bird ſaluteth the Spring?
Wind up the ſlackn'd ſtrings of thy Lute,
Never canſt thou want matter to ſing:
For love thy Breſt does fill with ſuch a fire,
That whatſo'er is fair, moves thy deſire.

Hil. Sweeteſt you know, the ſweeteſt of things,
Of various flowers the Bees do compoſe,
Yet no particular taſte it brings
Of Violet, Woodbind, Pink or Roſe:
So love the reſult is of all the graces
Which flow from a thouſand ſeveral faces.

Chl.

Chl. Hilas, the Birds which chant in this Grove,
Could we but know the Language they uſe,
They would inſtruct us better in Love,
And reprehend thy inconſtant Mule:
For Love their Breaſts does fill with ſuch a fire,
That what they once do chuſe, bounds their deſire.

Hil. Chloris, this change the Birds do approve,
Which the warm Seaſon hither does bring;
Time from your ſelf does further remove
You, than the Winter from the gay Spring:
She that like lightning ſhin'd while her face laſted,
The Oak now reſembles with lightning hath (blaſted

Under a Ladies Picture.

SUch *Hellen* was, and who can blame the Boy
That in ſo bright a Flame conſum'd his *Troy*

But had like Virtue ſhin'd in that fair Greek,
The am'rous Shepherd had not dar'd to ſeek,
Or hope for Pity, but with ſilent moan,
And better Fate had periſhed alone.

In anſwer of Sir John Suckling's *Verſes.*

Pro.

STay here fond Youth and ask no more be wiſe,
Knowing too much, long ſince loſt Paradiſe.

Con.

And by your knowledge we ſhould be bereft
Of all that Paradiſe which yet is left.

Pro.

The vertuous joys thou haſt, thou woul'ſt, ſhould (ſtill
Laſt in their pride, and woul'ſt not take it ill
If rudely from ſweet dreams, and for a toy
Thou awak't, he wakes himſelf that does enjoy.

Con.

How can the joy or hope which you allow
Be ſtiled vertuous, and the end not ſo?

Talk

Talk in your ſleep, and ſhadows ſtill admire.
'Tis true, he wakes that feels this real fire,
But to ſleep better; for who e're drinks deep
Of this *Nepenthe,* rocks himſelf aſleep.

Pro.

Fruition adds no new wealth, but deſtroys,
And while it pleaſeth much, yet ſtill it cloys:
Who thinks he ſhould be happier made for that
As reaſonably might hope he might grow fat
By eating to a Surfeit, this once paſt,
What reliſhes? even kiſſes loſe their taſte.

Con.

Bleſſings may be repeated, while they cloy,
But ſhall we ſtarve, cauſe Surfeitings deſtroy?
And if fruition did the taſte impair
Of kiſſes, why ſhould yonder happy pair,
Whoſe joys, juſt *Himen* warrants all the night,
Conſume the day too in this leſs delight?

Pro.

Urge not 'tis neceſſary; alas! we know
The homlieſt thing that Mankind does, is ſo.
The world is of a large extent we ſee,
And muſt be peopled, Children there muſt be,
So muſt Bread too; but ſince there are enough
Born to that drudgery, what need we plough?

Con.

I need not plough, ſince what the ſtooping Hinde
Gets of my pregnant Land. muſt all be mine:
But in this nobler Tillage 'tis not ſo;
For when *Anchiſes* did fair *Venus* know,
What Intereſt had poor *Vulcan* in the Boy,
Famous *Æneas*, or the preſent joy?

Pro.

Women enjoy'd, what e'retofore they have been,
Are like Romances read, or Scenes once ſeen:
Fruition dulls, or ſpoils the Play much more
Than if one read, or knew the Plot before.

Con

Con.

Plays and Romances read, and ſeen, do fall
In our opinions, yet not ſeen at all
Whom would they pleaſe? to an Heroick tale.
Would you not liſten, leſt it ſhould grow ſtale?

Pro.

'Tis expectation makes a bleſſing dear,
Heaven were not Heaven, if we knew what it were.

Con.

If 'twere not Heaven, if we knew what it were,
Twould not be Heaven to thoſe that now are there.

Pro.

As in Proſpects we are there pleaſed moſt;
Where ſomething keeps the eye from being loſt,
And leaves us room to gueſs; ſo here reſtraint,
Holds up delight, that with exceſs would faint.

Con.

Reſtraint preſerves the pleaſure we have got,
But he ne'r has it, that enjoys it not.

In goodly proſpects who contracts the ſpace,
Or takes not all the bounty of the place?
We wiſh remov'd what ſtandeth in our light
And nature blame for limiting our ſight,
Where you ſtand wiſely winking that the view
Of the fair proſpect may be always new.

Pro.

They who know all the wealth they have, are poor:
He's only rich that cannot tell his ſtore.

Con.

Not he that knows the wealth he has, is poor,
But he that dares not touch, nor uſe his ſtore.

To a Friend of the different ſucceſs of their Loves.

THrice happy pair of whom we cannot know,
Which firſt began to love, or loves moſt now:
Fair courſe of paſſion where two Louers ſtart,
And run together, heart ſtill yoakt with heart:

Succeſsful

Succeſsful Youth, whom Love has taught the way
To be victorious in the firſt Eſſay.
Sure Love's an Art beſt practiſed at firſt,
And where th' experienc'd ſtill proſper worſt;
I with a different Fate purſu'd in vain
The haughty *Celia*, till my juſt diſdain
Of her neglect, above that paſſion born,
Did pride to pride oppoſe, and ſcorn to ſcorn,
Now ſhe relents, but all too late to move
A heart directed to a Nobler love:
The ſcales are turn'd, her kindneſs weighs no more,
Now, than my vows and ſervice did before:
So in ſome well wrought hangings you may ſee
How *Hector* leads, and how the *Grecians* flee;
Here the fierce *Mars* his courage ſo inſpires,
That with bold hands the *Argive* Fleet he fires;
But there from Heaven the blew ey'd Virgin falls
And frighted *Troy* retires within her Walls.

They that are foremoſt in that bloody Race
Turn head anon, and give the Conqu'rors chace;
So like the chances are of Love and War,
That they alone in this diſtinguiſh'd are:
In love the victors from the vanquiſh'd flie,
They flie that wound, and they purſue that die.

An Apology for having loved before.

THey that never had the uſe
Of the Grapes ſurprizing juyce;
To the firſt delicious cup,
All their Reaſon render up:
Neither do not care to know,
Whether it be beſt or no.
So they that are to love inclin'd;
Sway'd by Chance, not Choice or Art,
To the firſt that's fair or kind,
Make a preſent of their heart:

'Tis

'Tis not ſhe that firſt we love,
But whom dying we approve.

To Man that was i'th' evening made,
Stars gave the firſt delight;
Admiring in the gloomy ſhade,
Thoſe little drops of light.

Then at *Aurora*, whoſe fair hand
Remov'd them from the Skies,
He gazing toward the *Eaſt* did ſtand,
She entertain'd his Eyes,

But when the bright Sun did appear,
All thoſe he can deſpiſe,
His wonder was determin'd there,
And could no higher riſe;

He neither might, nor wiſht to know
A more refulgent light;

For that (as mine your beauties now)
Imploy'd his utmoſt ſight.

To Zelinda.

FAireſt piece of well-form'd Earth,
Urge not thus your haughty birth:
The power which you have o're us lies
Not in your Race, but in your Eyes:
None but a Prince! alas that voice
Confines you to a narrow choice!
Should you no Honey vow to taſte,
But what the Maſter-Bees have plac't
In compaſs of their Cells, how ſmall
A portion to your ſhare would fall?
Nor all appear among thoſe few,
Worthy the ſtock from whence they grew:
The ſap which at the Root is bred
In Trees, through all the Boughs is ſpred;

But

But Vertues which in Parents ſhine,
Make not like progreſs through the Line,
'Tis not from whom, but where we live;
The place does oft thoſe graces give
Great *Julius* on the Mountains bred,
A Flock perhaps, or Herd, had led,
He that the world ſubdu'd, had been
But the beſt wreſtler on the Green:
'Tis Art and Knowledge which draw forth
The hidden Seeds of Native worth;
They blow thoſe ſparks, and make them riſe
Into ſuch flames as touch the Skies.
To the old *Heroes* hence was given
A Pedigree which reach't to Heaven;
Of mortal ſeed they were not held.
Which other mortals ſo excell'd;
And beauty top in ſuch exceſs
As yours, *Zelinda* claims no leſs.

Smile

Smile but on me, and you ſhall ſcorn
Henceforth to be of Princes born.
I can deſcribe the ſhady Grove
Where your lov'd Mother ſlept with *Jove*,
And yet excuſe the faultleſs Dame,
Caught with her Spouſes ſhape and name;
Thy matchleſs form will credit bring
To all the wonders I ſhall ſing.

On Mr. John Fletcher's *Plays.*

FLetcher, to the we do not only owe
All our good Plays, but all thoſe other too,
Thy Wit repeated, does ſupport the Stage,
Credits the laſt, and entertains this Age,
No worthies form'd by any Muſe but thine
Could purchaſe Robes, ro make themſelves ſo fine
What brave Commander is not proud to ſee
Thy brave *Melantius* in his Gallantry.

Our

Our greateſt Ladies love to ſee their ſcorn
Out-done by thine, in what themſelves have worn;
The impatient Widow e're the year be done,
Sees thy *Aſpaſia* weeping in her Gown.

I never yet the Tragick ſtrain aſſay'd,
Deterr'd by that inimitable Maid.
And when I venture at the Comick ſtile,
Thy ſcornful Lady ſeems to mock my toil.
Thus has thy Muſe at once improv'd and marr'd
Our ſport in Plays by rendring it to hard;
So when a ſort of luſty Shepherds throw,
The Bar by turns, and none the reſt out-go
So far, but that the beſt are meaſuring caſts,
Their emulation, and their paſtime laſts;
But if ſome brawny Yeomen of the Guard
Step in and toſs the Axle-tree a yard
Or more beyond the furtheſt mark, the reſt,
Deſpairing ſtand, their ſport is at the beſt.

To Chloris.

CHloris ſince firſt our calm of peace
Was frighted hence, this good we find,
Your favours with your fears encreaſe,
And growing miſchiefs make you kind:
So the fair Tree which ſtill preſerves
Her fruit and State, whil'ſt no winds blows,
In ſtorms from that uprightneſs ſwerves,
And the glad earth abour her ſtrows
With Treaſure from her yielding boughs.

On St. Jame's *Park, as lately improved by His Majeſty.*

OF the firſt Paradice there's nothing found,
Plants ſet by Heav'n are vaniſht, & the ground;
Yet the deſcription laſts; who knows the fate
Of lines that ſhall this Paradice relate?

Inſtead

Inſtead of Rivers rowling by the ſide
Of *Eden*'s Garden, here flows in the Tyde;
The Sea which always ſerv'd his Empire, now
Pays Tribute to our Prince's pleaſure too:
Of famous Cities we the Founders know;
But Rivers old, as Seas, to which they go,
Are Nature's bounty; 'tis of more renown
To make a River than to build a Town.
For future ſhade young Trees upon the banks
Of the new ſtream appear in even ranks:
The voice of *Orpheus* or *Amphion*'s hand
In better order could not make them ſtand;
May they encreaſe as faſt, and ſpread their boughs,
As the high Fame of their great Owner grows!
May he live long enough to ſee them all
Dark ſhadows caſt, and as his Palace tall.
Methinks I ſee the love that ſhall be made,
The Lovers walking in that amorous ſhade,

The

The Gallants dancing by the Rivers ſide,
They bath in Summer, and in Winter ſlide.
Methinks I hear the Muſick in the Boats,
And the loud Eccho which returns the Notes,
Whilſt overhead a flock of new ſprung Fowl
Hangs in the Air, and does the Sun controul:
Dark'ning the Sky they hover o're, and ſhrowd
The wanton Sailors with a feather'd cloud:
Beneath a ſhole of ſilver Fiſhes glides,
And plays about the gilded Barges ſides;
The Ladies angling in the Chryſtal Lake,
Feaſt on the waters with the prey they take;
At once victorious with their Lines and Eyes
They make the Fiſhes and the Men their prize;
A thouſands *Cupids* on the Billows ride,
And Sea-Nymyhs enter with the ſwelling Tide,
From *Thetis* ſent as Spies to make report,
And tell the wonders of her ſoveraign's Court,

All

All that can living feed the greedy Eye,
Or dead the Palat, here you may deſcry,
The choiceſt things that furniſht *Noah*'s Ark,
Or *Peter*'s ſheet, inhabiting this Park:
All with a border of rich Fruit-trees crown'd,
Whoſe loaded branches hide the lofty mound.
Such various ways the ſpacious Allies lead,
My doubtful Muſe knows not what path to tread:
Yonder the harveſt of cold Months laid up,
Gives a freſh coolneſs to the Royal Cup,
There Ice, like Chryſtal, firm, and never loſt,
Tempers hot *July* with *Decembers* Froſt,
Winters dark Priſon, whence he cannot flie,
Though the warm Spring his Enemy draws nigh:
Strange! that extremes ſhould thus preſerve the ſnow
High on the *Alps*, or indeed Caves below.

Here a well-poliſht Mall gives us the joy
To ſee our Prince his matchleſs force imploy;
His manly poſture and his graceful meen
Vigor and youth in all his motion ſeen,
His ſhape ſo lovely, and his limbs ſo ſtrong,
Confirm our hopes we ſhall obey him long:
No ſooner has he toucht the flying Ball,
But 'tis already more than half the Mall;
And ſuch a fury from his arm has got
As from a ſmoaking Culverin 'twere ſhot.

Near this my Muſe, what moſt delights her, ſees,
A living Gallery of aged Trees;
Bold Sons of earth that thurſt their arms ſo high,
As if once more they would invade the Sky;
In ſuch green Palaces the firſt Kings reign'd,
Slept in their ſhades, and Angels entertain'd:
With ſuch old Counſellors they did adviſe,
And by frequenting ſacred Groves grew wiſe;

Free

Free from th' impediments of light and noiſe
Man thus retir'd his nobler thoughts imploys:
Here *Charles* contrives the ordering of his States,
Here he reſolves his neighb'ring Princes fates:
What Nation ſhall have Peace, where War be made
Determin'd is in this oraculous ſhade;
The World from *India* to the frozen *North*,
Concern'd in what this Solitude brings forth.
His fancy objects from his view receives,
The proſpect thought and contemplation gives:
That ſeat of Empire here ſalutes his eye,
To which three Kingdoms do themſelves apply,
The ſtructure by a Prelate rais'd, *Whitehall*,
Built with the fortune of *Rome*'s Capitol;
Both diſproportion'd to the preſent State
Of their proud Founders, were approv'd by Fate:
From hence he does that antique Pile behold,
Where Royal heads receive the ſacred Gold;

It gives them Crowns, and does their aſhes keep,
There made like Gods, like mortals there they ſleep;
Making the circle of their Reign complete,
Thoſe Suns of Empire, where they riſe they ſet:
When others fell, this ſtanding did preſage
The Crown ſhould triumph over popular rage,
Hard by that Houſe where all our Ills were ſhap'd,
Th' auſpicious Temple ſtood, and yet eſcap'd.
So Snow on *Ætna* does unmelted lie,
Whence rowling flames and ſcatter'd cinders flie;
The diſtant Countrey in the ruine ſhares,
What falls from Heav'n the burning Mountain ſpares.
Next, that capacious Hall he ſees the room,
Where the whole Nation does for Juſtice come.
Under whoſe large roof flouriſhes the Gown,
And Judges grave on high Tribunals frown.
Here like the peoples Paſtor he does go,
His flock ſubjected to his view below;

On

On which reflecting in his mighty mind,
No private paſſion does Indulgence find;
The pleaſures of his Youth ſuſpended are,
And made a Sacrifice to publick care;
Here free from Court compliances he walks,
And with himſelf, his beſt adviſer, talks;
How peaceful Olive may his Temples ſhade,
For mending Laws, and for reſtoring Trade;
Or how his Brows may be with Laurel charg'd,
For Nations conquer'd, and our Bounds enlarg'd:
Of ancient Prudence here he ruminates,
Of riſing Kingdoms, and of falling States:
What ruling Arts gave Great *Auguſtus* Fame,
And how *Alcides* purchas'd ſuch a name:
His eyes upon his native Palace bent
Cloſe by, ſuggeſt a greater argument,
His thoughts riſe higher when he does reflect
On what the world may from that Star expect

Which at his Birth appear'd to let us ſee,
Day for his ſake could with the Night agree;
A Prince on whom ſuch diff'rent lights did ſmile,
Born, the divided World to reconcile:
Whatever Heaven or high extracted blood
Could promiſe or foretell, he will make good;
Reform theſe Nations, and improve them more,
Than this fair Park from what it was before.

To Sir William D'Avenant *upon his Two firſt Books of* Gondibert, *written in* France.

THus the wiſe Nightingale that leaves her home
Her native Wood, when ſtorm and winter (come,
Purſuing conſtantly the cheerful Spring,
To foreign Groves does her old Muſick bring;
The drooping *Hebrews* baniſh'd Harps unſtrung
At *Babylon*, upon the Willows hung;

Yours

Yours ſounds aloud, and tells us you excell
No leſs in Courage, than in Singing well;
Whilſt unconcern'd you let your Countrey know,
They have impoveriſh'd themſelves, not you;
Who with the Muſes help can mock thoſe Fates
Which threatens Kingdoms, and diſorder States.
So *Ovid*, when from *Cæſar*'s rage he fled,
The *Roman* Muſe to *Pontus* with him led;
Where he ſo ſung, that we through pities Glaſs,
See *Nero* milder than *Auguſtus* was.
Hereafter ſuch in thy behalf ſhall be
Th' indulgent Cenſure of Poſterity.
To baniſh thoſe who with ſuch art can ſing,
Is a rude crime which its own curſe do bring:
Ages to come ſhall ne'r know how they fought,
Nor how to Love their preſent Youth be taught.
This to thy ſelf. Now to thy matchleſs Book,
Wherein thoſe few that can with Judgment look,

May find old Love in pure freſh Language told,
Like new ſtampt-Coin made out of Angel-gold
Such truth in Love as th'antique world did know,
In ſuch a ſtile as Courts may boaſt of now.
Which no bold tales of Gods or Monſters ſwell,
But humane Paſſions, ſuch as with us dwell.
Man is thy Theme, his Vertue or his Rage
Drawn to the Life in each elaborate Page,
Mars not *Bellona* are not named here;
But ſuch a *Gonaïbert* as both might fear,
Venus had here, and *Hebe* been out-ſhin'd,
By the bright *Birtha*, and thy *Rhodalind*.
Such is thy happy skill, and ſuch the odds
Betwixt thy Worthies and the *Grecian* Gods.
Whoſe deities in vain had here come down
Where mortal Beauty wears the Soveraign Crown;
Such as of fleſh compos'd, by fleſh and blood
(Though not reſiſted) may be underſtood,

To

To my worthy Friend Mr. Waſe, *the Tranſlator of* Gratius.

THus by, the Muſick we may know
When Noble Wits a Hunting go
Through Groves that on *Parnaſſus* grow.

The Muſes all the Chaſe adorn,
My Friend on *Pegaſus* is born,
And young *Apollo* winds the Horn.

Having old *Gratius* in the wind,
No pack of Critiques e're could find
Or he know more of his own mind.

Here Huntſmen with delight may read
How to chuſe Dogs for ſcent or ſpeed,
And how to change or mend the breed.

What Arms to uſe, or Nets to frame,
Wild beaſts to combat or to tame,
With all the Myſteries of that game.

But (worthy Friend) the face of War
In ancient times does differ far
From what our fiery battels are.

Nor is it like (ſince powder known)
That man ſo cruel to his own,
Should ſpare the race of Beaſts alone.

No quarter now but with the Gun,
Men wait in Trees from Sun to Sun,
And all is in a moment done.

And therefore we expect your next
Should be no Comment, but a Text,
To tell how modern Beaſts are vext.

Thus would I further yet engage
Your gentle Muſe to court the age
With ſomewhat of your proper rage.

Since

Since none does more to *Phœbus* owe,
Or in more Languages can ſhow
Thoſe Arts which you ſo early know.

To the King, upon his Majeſties happy Return.

THe riſing Sun complies with our weak ſight,
Firſt gilds the clouds, then ſhews his globe of (light
At ſuch a diſtance from our eyes, as though
He knew what harm his haſty Beams would do.

But your full *MAJESTY* at once breaks forth
In the Meridian of Your Reign, Your Worth,
Your Youth, and all the ſplendor of Your State,
Wrapt up, till now, in clouds of adverſe Fate,
With ſuch a floud of light invade our eyes,
And our ſpread hearts with ſo great joy ſurprize,
That, if Your Grace incline that we ſhould live,
You muſt not (SIR) too haſtily forgive.

Our

Our guilt preſerves us from th' exceſs of joy,
Which ſcatters ſpirits, and would life deſtroy.

All are obnoxious, and this faulty Land
Like fainting *Heſter* does before you ſtand,
Watching your Scepter, the revolted Sea
Trembles to think ſhe did your Foes obey.

Great Britain, like blind *Polipheme*, of late
In a wild rage became the ſcorn and hate
Of her proud Neighbors, who began to think,
She, with the weight of her own force would ſink:
But You are come, and all their hopes are vain,
This Giant Iſle has got her Eye again;
Now ſhe might ſpare the Ocean, and oppoſe
Your conduct to the fierceſt of her Foes:
Naked, the Graces guarded you from all
Dangers abroad, and now your thunder ſhall.

Princes,

Princes, that ſaw you different paſſions prove,
For now they dread the Object of their love;
Nor without envy can behold His height,
Whoſe Converſation was their late delight.
So *Semele* contented with the rape
Of *Jove* diſguiſed in a mortal ſhape,
When he beheld his hands with lightning fill'd,
And his bright rayes, was with amazement kill'd.
And though it be our ſorrow and our crime
To have accepted life ſo long a time
Without You here, yet does this abſence gain
No ſmall advantage to your preſent Reign.
For, having view'd the perſons and the things,
The Councils, State and Strength of *Europe*'s Kings,
You know your Work: Ambition to reſtrain,
And ſet them bounds, as Heav'n does to the Main.
We have you now with ruling wiſdom fraught,
Not ſuch as Books, but ſuch as Practiſe taught;

So

So the last Sun, while least by us enjoy'd,
Is the whole night, for our concern imploy'd:
He ripens Spices, Fruit, and precious Gums,
Which from remotest Regions luther comes.

This seat of Yours, from th' other world remov'd,
Had *Archimedes* known, he might have prov'd
His Engines force, fixt here, your power and skill
Make the world's motion wait upon your will.

Much suffering Monarch, the first *English* born,
That has the Crown of these three Nations worn.
How has your patience, with the barbarous rage
Of Your own Soil, contended half an age?
Till (Your try'd Virtue, and Your sacred Word,
At last preventing Your unwilling Sword)
Armies and Fleets, which kept You out so long,
Own'd their great Sov'raign, and redreft His wrong.
When straight the People, by no force compell'd,
Nor longer from their inclination held,

Break

Break forth at once, like powder ſet on fire,
And with a Noble rage their *KING* require.

So th' injur'd Sea, which from her wonted courſe,
To gain ſome Acres, Avarice did force,
If the new Banks, neglected once, decay,
No longer will from her old Channel ſtay,
Raging, the late-got Land ſhe overflows,
And all that's built upon't to ruine goes.

Offenders now, the chiefeſt, do begin
To ſtrive for Grace, and expiate their ſin;
All Winds blow fair, that did the World imbroil,
Your Vipers Treacle yield, and Scorpions Oil.

If then ſuch praiſe the *Macedonian* got,
For having rudely cut the *Gordian* knot;
What Glory's due to him that could divide
Such ravell'd intereſts, has the knot unty'd,

And

And without ſtroke ſo ſmooth a paſſage made,
Where craft and malice ſuch impeachments laid?

But while we praiſe You, You aſcribe it all
To his high hand, which threw the untoucht Wall
Of ſelf-demoliſht *Jerico* ſo low:
His Angel 'twas that did before you go,
Tam'd ſavage hearts, and made affections yield,
Like ears of Corn when Wind ſalutes the Field.

Thus Patience crown'd: like *Job*'s, Your Trouble (ends,
Having your Foes to pardon, and your Friends:
For, though your Courage were ſo firm a Rock,
What private Vertue could endure the ſhock?
Like Your great Maſter, you the Storm withſtood,
And pitied thoſe who Love with frailty ſhew'd.

Rude *Indians* torturing all the Royal Race
Him with the Throne and dear bought Scepter grace;

That

That ſuffers beſt: what Region could be found,
Where your heroick Head had not been crown'd?

The next experience of your mighty mind,
Is, how You combat Fortune now ſhe's kind;
And this way too, You are victorious found,
She flatters with the ſame ſucceſs ſhe frown'd;
While to Your Self ſevere, to others kind,
With power unbounded, and a will confin'd,
Of this vaſt Empire You poſſeſs the care,
The ſofter parts falls to the Peoples ſhare:
Safety and equal Government are things
Which Subjects make, as happy, as their Kings.

Faith, Law, and Piety, that baniſht train,
Juſtice and Truth, with You return again:
The Cities Trade, and Countries eaſie life
Once more ſhall flouriſh without fraud or ſtrife.

Your reign no leſs aſſures the Ploughman's peace,
Than the warm Sun advances his encreaſe;
And does the Shepherds as ſecurely keep
From all their fears, as they preſerve their ſheep.

But above all, the Muſe inſpired train
Triumph, and raiſe their drooping heads again;
Kind Heaven at once has in your Perſon ſent
Their ſacred Judge, their Guard, and Argument.

Nec magis expreſſi vultus per ænea ſigna
Quam per vatis opus mores, animique virorum
Clarorum apparent ———

To my Lady Morton *on* New-years-day, 1650. *at the* Louvre *in* Paris.

Madam,

NEW-years may well expect to find
Welcome from you, to whom they are ſo (kind,
Still as they paſs, they court, and ſmile on you,
And make your Beauty as themſelves ſeem new:

To

To the fair *Villars* we *Dalkith* prefer,
And faireſt *Morton* now as much to her;
So like the Sun's advance your Titles ſhow,
Which, as he riſes, does the warmer grow.
But thus to ſtile you fair, your Sexes praiſe,
Gives you but Mirtle, who may challenge Bays:
From armed Foes to bring a Royal prize,
Shews your brave Heart victorious, as your Eyes;
If *Judeth* marching with the General's head,
Can give us paſſion when her Story's read,
What may the living do which brought away,
Though a leſs bloudy, yet a Nobler Prey?
Who from our flaming *Troy*, with a bold hand
Snatch'd her fair Charge, the Princeſs, like a brand,
A brand preſerv'd to warm ſome Princes heart,
And make whole Kingdoms take her Brother's part
So *Venus* from prevailing *Greeks* did ſhrowd
The hope of *Rome*, and ſav'd him in a cloud;

This gallant act may cancel all our rage,
Begin a better, and absolve this age.
Dark shades become the Portract of our time,
Here weeps Misfortune, and there triumphs Crime.
Let him that draws it, hide the rest in night,
This portion only may endure the light,
Where the kind Nymph changing her faultless shape
Becomes unhandsome, handsomly to scape,
When through the Guards, the River, and the Sea,
Faith, Beauty, Wit and Courage, made their way
As the brave Eagle does with sorrow see
The Forest wasted, and that lofty Tree
Which holds her Nest about to be o're thrown,
Before the feathers of her young are grown,
She will not leave them, nor she cannot stay,
But bears them boldly on her wings away;
So fled the Dame, and o're the Ocean bore
Her princely burthen to the Gallick shoar.

Born

Born in the ſtorms of War, this Royal fair,
Produc'd like lightning in tempeſtuous Air,
Though now ſhe flies her native Iſle, leſs kind,
Leſs ſafe for her, than either Sea or Wind,
Shall, when the bloſſom of her Beauty's blown,
See her great Brother on the *Britiſh* Throne,
Where Peace ſhall ſmile, and no diſpute ariſe,
But which Rules moſt, his Scepter, or her Eyes.

Of a fair Lady playing with a Snake.

STrange that ſuch Horror and ſuch Grace
Should dwell together in one place,
A fury's Arm, an Angel's Face.

'Tis Innocence and Youth which makes
In *Chlori*'s fancy ſuch miſtakes,
To ſtart at Love, and play with Snakes.

By this and by her coldneſs barr'd

Her Servants have a task too hard,
The Tyrant has a double guard.

Thrice happy Snake, that in her ſleeve
May boldly creep, we dare not give
Our thoughts ſo unconfin'd a leave:

Contented in that Neſt of Snow
He lies, as he his Bliſs did know,
And to the Wood no more would go.

Take heed, (fair *Eve*) you do not make
Another Tempter of this Snake,
A marble one ſo warm'd would ſpeak.

To his worthy Friend Maſter E'velyn, *upon his Tranſlation of* Lucretius. *1656.*

THat Chance and Atoms make this all.
In Order Democratical,
Where Bodies freely run their courſe
Without deſign, or Fate, or Force.

In

In Engliſh Verſe *Lucretius* ſings
As if with *Pegaſean* wings,
He ſoar'd beyond our outmoſt Sphere,
And other Worlds diſcovered there;
His boundleſs and unruly Wit
To Nature does no bounds permit;
But boldly has remov'd thoſe Bars,
Of Heaven, and Earth, and Seas, and Stars,
By which ſhe was before ſuppos'd
By moderate Wits to be enclos'd
Till his free Muſe threw down the Pale,
And did at once diſpark them all.
So vaſt this Argument did ſeem
That the great Author did eſteem
The *Roman* Language, which was ſpred
O're the whole world in Triumph led
Too weak, too narrow to unfold
The Wonders which he would have told.

This ſpeaks thy Glory, Noble Friend,
And *Britiſh* Language does commend;
For here *Lucretius* whole we find,
His Words, his Muſick, and his Mind,
Thy Art has to our Country brought
All that he writ, and all he thought.
Ovid tranſlated, *Virgil* too
Shew'd long ſince what our tongue could do;
Nor *Lucan* we, nor *Horace* ſpar'd,
Only *Lucretius* was too hard.
Lucretius, like a Fort did ſtand
Untoucht, till your victorious Hand
Did from his Head this Garland bear,
Which now upon your own you wear:
A Garland made of ſuch new Bays,
And ſought in ſuch untrodden ways,
As no Man's Temples e're did Crown,
Save this fam'd Authors and your own.

1657

Part of the 4th Book of Virgil *Tranſlated, beginning*

——Taleſque miſerima fletus
Fertque refertque ſoror——

And ending with,

Adnixi torquent ſpumas & cærula verrunt.

ALL this her weeping Siſter does repeat
To the ſtern Man, whom nothing could intreat;
Loſt were her Pray'rs, and fruitleſs were her Tears,
Fate and great *Jove* had ſtop'd his gentle Ears.
As when loud winds a well-grown Oak would rend
Up by the roots, this way, and that they bend
His reeling Trunk, and with a boiſterous ſound
Scatters his leaves, and ſtrow them on the ground.
He fixed ſtands, as deep his root doth lie,
Down to the Centre, as his top is high.
No leſs on every ſide the Hero preſt,
Feels Love and Pity ſhake his Noble breſt,

And

And down his Cheeks though fruitleſs tears do roul,
Unmov'd remains the purpoſe of his Soul.
Then *Dido* urged with approaching Fate
Begins the light of cruel Heaven to hate;
Her reſolution to diſpatch and die
Confirm'd by many a horrid Prodigy.
The water conſecrate for Sacrifice,
Appears all black to her amaz'd eyes,
The Wine to putrid Blood converted flows,
Which from her, none, not her own ſiſter knows
Beſides there ſtood as ſacred to her Lord
A marble Temple which ſhe much ador'd,
With ſnowy Fleeces and freſh Garlands crown'd,
Hence every night proceeds a dreadful ſound.
Her Husband's voice invites her to his Tomb,
And diſmal Owls preſage the ills to come.
Beſides, the Propheſies of Wizards old
Increaſt her terror and her fall foretold.

Scorn'd

Scorn'd and deſerted to her ſelf ſhe ſeems,
And finds *Æneas* cruel in her dreams.
So, to mad *Pentheus*, double *Thebes* appears,
And Furies howl in his diſtempered ears.
Oreſtes ſo with like diſtraction toſt,
Is made to flie his Mothers angry ghoſt.
Now grief and fury at their height arrive,
Death ſhe decrees, and thus does it contrive.
Her grieved Siſter with a chearful grace,
(Hope well-diſſembled ſhining in her face)
She thus deceives. (Dear Siſter) let us prove
The Cure I have invented for my Love.
Beyond the Land of *Æthiopia* lies
The place where *Atlas* does ſupport the Skies;
Hence came an old Magician that did keep
Th' *Heſperian* Fruit, and made the Dragon ſleep;
Her potent Charms do troubled Souls relieve,
And where ſhe liſts, makes calmeſt minds to grieve,

The

The courſe of Rivers or of Heaven can ſtop,
And call Trees down from th' airy Mountains top.
Witneſs ye Gods, and thou my deareſt part,
How loath I am to tempt this guilty Art.
Erect a pile, and on it let us place
That Bed where I my ruine did embrace.
With all the reliques of our impious Gueſt,
Arms, Spoils, and Preſents, let the Pile be dreſt,
(The knowing-woman thus preſcribes) that we
May raze the Man out of our memory;
Thus ſpeaks the Queen, but hides the fatal end
For which ſhe doth thoſe ſacred Rites pretend.
Nor worſe effects of Grief her Siſter thought
Would follow, than *Sycheus* murder wrought,
Therefore obeys her; and now heaped high
The cloven Oaks and lofty Pines do lie
Hung all with wreaths and flowry garlands round;
So by her Self was her own Funeral crown'd.

Upon

Upon the top, the *Trojan*'s Image lies,
And his ſharp Sword wherewith anon ſhe dies.
They by the Altar ſtand, while with looſe hair
The Magick Propheteſs begins her Prayer,
On *Chaos*, *Erebus*, and all the Gods,
Which in th' infernal ſhades have their abodes,
She loudly calls, beſprinkling all the Room
With drops ſuppos'd from *Lethe* lake to come.
She ſeeks the knot which on the forehead grows
Of new-foal'd colts, and herbs by moonlight mows.
A Cake of Leaven in her pious hands
Holds the devoted Queen, and barefoot ſtands,
One tender Foot was bare, the other ſhod,
Her robe ungirt, invoking every God,
And every Power, if any be above
Which takes regard of ill-requited Love.
Now was the time when weary Mortals ſleep
Their careful Temples in the dew of ſleep.

On

On Seas, on Earth, and all that in them dwell,
A death like quiet, and deep silence fell,
But not on *Dido*, whose untamed mind
Refus'd to be by sacred night confin'd:
A double passion in her breast does move
Love and fierce anger for neglected Love.
Thus she afflicts her Soul, What shall I do?
With Fate inverted shall I humbly wooe?
And some proud Prince in wild *Numidia* born,
Pray to accept me, and forget my scorn?
Or shall I, with the ungrateful *Trojan* go,
Quit all my State, and wait upon my Foe?
Is not enough by sad experience known,
The perjur'd Race of false *Laomedon*?
With my *Sydonians* shall I give them chase?
Bands hardly forced from their native place?
No, dye, and let this Sword thy fury tame,
Nought but thy bloud can quench this guilty flame.

Ah

Ah Siſter! vanquiſht with my paſſion thou
Betrayd'ſt me firſt, diſpenſing with my vow.
Had I been conſtant to *Sycheus* ſtill,
And ſingle-liv'd, I had not known this ill.
Such thoughts torments the Queens inraged breaſt
While the *Dardanian* does ſecurely reſt
In his tall ſhip for ſudden flight prepar'd,
To whom once more the Son of *Jove* appear'd,
Thus ſeems to ſpeak the youthful Deity,
Voice, Hair, and Colour, all like *Mercury*.
Fair *Venus*-ſeed! Canſt thou indulge thy ſleep?
Nor better guard in ſuch great danger keep,
Mad by neglect to loſe ſo fair a wind?
If here thy ſhips the purple morning find,
Thou ſhalt behold this hoſtile Harbor ſhine
With a new Fleet, and Fire, to ruine thine;
She meditates Revenge reſolv'd to dye,
Weigh Anchor, quickly, and her Fury flie.

This

This ſaid, the God in ſhades of Night retir'd.
Amaz'd *Æneas* with the warning fir'd,
Shakes off dull ſleep, and rouzing up his men,
Behold! the Gods command our flight again;
Fall to your Oars, and all your Canvas ſpread,
What God ſoe're that thus vouchſafe it to lead,
We follow gladly, and thy Will obey,
Aſſiſt us ſtill ſmoothing our happy way,
And make the reſt propitious With that word
He cuts the Cable with his ſhining Sword;
Through all the Navy doth like Ardor reign,
They quit the Shore, and ruſh into the Main;
Plac't on their banks, the luſty *Trojans* ſweep
Neptune's ſmooth face, and cleave the yielding deep.

Upon

Of a War with Spain, *and a Fight at Sea,*

by Generall Montague in the year 1656.

NOw for ſome Ages had the pride of *Spain*
Made the Sun ſhine on half the World in (vain;
While ſhe bid War to all that durſt ſupply
The place of thoſe her cruelty made dye.
Of Nature's bounty men forbore to taſte,
And the beſt portion of the Earth lay waſte.

From the new World her ſilver and her gold
Came, like a Tempeſt, to confound the old.
Feeding with theſe the brib'd Elector's hopes,
Alone ſhe gave us Emperors and Popes;
With theſe accompliſhing her vaſt deſigns,
Europe was ſhaken with her *Indian* Mines.

When *Britain* looking with a juſt diſdain
Upon this gilded Majeſty of *Spain*,

And knowing well that Empire muſt decline,
Whoſe chief ſupport and ſinews are of coin;
Our Nations ſolid vertue did oppoſe,
To the rich troublers of the Worlds repoſe.

And now ſome Months incamping on the Main,
Our Naval Army had beſieged *Spain*.
They that the whole worlds Monarchy deſign'd,
Are to their Ports by our bold Fleet confin'd,
From whence our Red-croſs they triumphant ſee,
Riding without a Rival on the Sea.
Others may uſe the Ocean as their Road,
Only the *Engliſh* make it their aboad,
Whoſe ready Sails, with every wind can flie,
And make a Cov'nant with th' unconſtant Skie;
Our Oaks ſecure, as if they there took root,
We tread on billows with a ſteady foot.

Mean while the *Spaniards* in *America*
Near to the Line the Sun approaching ſaw,

And

And hop'd their *European* Coaſts to find
Clear'd from our Ships by the Autumnal wind:
Their huge capacious Gallions ſtuft with Plate
The lab'ring winds drive ſlowly towards their fate.
Before St *Lucar* they their Guns diſcharge,
To tell their joy, or to invite a Barge;
This heard ſome Ships of ours (though out of view)
And ſwift as Eagles to the Quarry flew:
So heedleſs Lambs which for their Mothers bleat,
Wake hungry Lions, and become their meat.
Arriv'd, they ſoon begin that Tragique play,
And with their ſmoaky Cannons baniſh day;
Night, Horror, Slaughter, with Confuſion meets,
And in their ſable Arms imbrace the Fleets.
Through yielding Planks the angry Bullets flie,
And of one wound hundreds together die:
Born under different ſtars one Fate they have,
The Ship their Coffin, and the Sea their Grave.

Bold were the Men which on the Ocean firſt
Spread their new Sails, when ſhipwrack was the (worſt;
More danger now from Man alone we find
Than from the Rocks, the Billows, or the Wind;
They that had ſail'd from near th' Antartick Pole,
Their Treaſure ſafe, and all their Veſſels whole,
In ſight of their dear Countrey ruin'd be
Without the guilt of either Rock or Sea.
What they would ſpare, our fiercer Art deſtroys,
Surpaſſing ſtorms in terror and in noiſe;
Once *Jove* from *Ida*, did both Hoſts ſurvey,
And when he pleas'd to thunder, part the fray;
Here Heaven in vain that kind retreat ſhou'd ſound,
The louder Cannon had the Thunder drown'd.
Some we made prize, while others burnt and rent
With their rich Lading, to the bottom went,
Down ſinks at once (ſo Fortune with us ſports)
The Pay of Armies, and the Pride of Courts.

Vain

Vain Man! whoſe Rage buries as low that ſtore,
As Avarice had dig'd for it before;
What earth in her dark bowels could not keep
From greedy hands lies ſafer in the deep,
Where *Thetis* kindly does from Mortals hide
Thoſe ſeeds of Luxury, Debate and Pride.
And now into her Lap the richeſt prize
Fell with the nobleſt of our Enemies,
The Marquis glad to ſee the fire deſtroy
Wealth, that prevailing Foes were to enjoy,
Out from his flaming Ship his Children ſent
To periſh in a milder Element;
Then laid him by his burning Ladies ſide,
And ſince he could not ſave her, with her dy'd.
Spices and Gums about them melting fry,
And *Phœnix*-like, in that rich Neſt they die;
Alive in flames of equal Love they burn'd,
And now together are to aſhes turn'd;

Aſhes more worth than all their funeral coſt,
Than the huge Treaſure which was with them loſt
Theſe dying Lovers, and their floating Sons
Suſpend the Fight, and ſilence all our Guns:
Beauty and Youth about to periſh finds
Such Noble pity in brave *Engliſh* minds,
That the rich Spoil forgot, their Valors prize,
All labour now to ſave their Enemies.
How frail our Paſſions! how ſoon changed are
Our wrath and fury to a friendly Care?
They that but now for Honour and for Plate
Made the Sea bluſh with bloud, reſign their hate,
And their young Foes endeav'ring to retrive,
With greater hazard than they fought, they dive:

With those returns victorious Montague
With Laurels in his hand, & half Peru,
Let the brave Generals divide that Bow
Our great Protectour hath such Wreaths enough
His conquering head has no more Room for Bays,
Then let it be, as the glad nation prays, Epitaph
Let the rich Oar forthwith be melted down,
And the State fixed by making him a Crown.

Epitaph *To be written under the Latine Inſcription upon the Tomb of the Only Son of the Lord* Andover.

'TIs fit the *Engliſh* Reader ſhould be told
In our own Language what this Tomb do's hold:
'Tis not a Noble Corps alone do's lie
Under this Stone, but a whole Family;
His Parents pious Care, their Name, their Joy,
And all their Hope, lies buried with this Boy;
This lovely Youth, for whom we all made moan,
That knew his worth, as he had been our own.
Had there been ſpace, and years enough allow'd,
His Courage, Wit, and Breeding, to have ſhow'd,
We had not found in all the numerous Rowl
Of his fam'd Anceſtors, a greater Soul,

His early Vertues to that ancient Stock
Give as much Honour, as from thence he took.
Like Buds appearing e're the Froſts are paſt,
To become Man he made ſuch fatal haſte,
And to perfection labor'd ſo to climb,
Preventing ſlow Experience and Time,
That 'tis no wonder Death our hopes beguil'd;
He's ſeldom Old, that will not be a Child.

To the Queen, (Catharine) upon Her Majeſties Birth-day, after Her Happy Recovery from a Dangerous Sickneſs.

FArewell the Year, which threatned ſo
The faireſt Light the world can ſhow;
Welcome the New, whoſe every day
Reſtoring what was ſnatch'd away
By pining ſickneſs from the Fair,
That matchleſs Beauty does repair

So

So faſt, that the approaching Spring,
Which do's to Flowry Meadows bring
What the rude Winter from them tore,
Shall give her all ſhe had before.
But we recover not ſo faſt
The ſenſe of ſuch a danger paſt;
We that eſteem'd You ſent from Heav'n,
A pattern to this Iſland giv'n,
To ſhew us what the Bleſs'd do there,
And what alive they practis'd here,
When that which we Immortal thought,
We ſaw ſo neat Deſtruction brought,
Felt all which you did then endure,
And tremble yet, as not ſecure;
So though the Sun victorious be,
And from a dark Eclipſe ſet free,
Th' Influence which we fondly fear,
Afflicts our Thoughts the following Year:

But

But that which may Relieve our Care,
Is that You have a Help so near
For all the Evil you can prove,
The kindness of Your Royal Love:
He that was never known to Mourn,
So many Kingdoms from him Torn;
His Tears reserv'd for You, more dear,
More priz'd than all those Kingdoms were:
For when no healing Art prevail'd,
When Cordials and Elixars fail'd,
On your pale Cheek he dropt the show'r,
Reviv'd you like a Dying Flow'r.

Nunc itaque & versus & cætera ludicra pono,
Quid verum, *atque decens, curo, & rogo, & omnis in hoc sum.*

Instructions

Inſtructions to a

PAINTER,

For the

Drawing of the Poſture and Progreſs of His Majeſties Forces at Sea, under the Command of His

Highneſs-Royal:

Together with the

Battel and Victory obtain'd over the

DUTCH,

June 3, 1665.

FIrſt draw the Sea, that portion which between
The greater World, and this of ours is ſeen;
Here

Here place the *Britiſh*, there the *Holland* Fleet,
Vaſt floating Armies, both prepar'd to meet:
Draw the whole World, expecting who ſhould (Reign,
After this Combat, o're the conquer'd Main
Make Heav'n concern'd, and an unuſual Star
Declare th' Importanee of the approaching War:
Make the Sea ſhine with Gallantry, and all
The *Engliſh* Youth flock to their Admiral,
The valiant Duke, whoſe early Deeds abroad,
Such Rage in Fight, and Art in conduct ſhow'd;
His bright Sword now a dearer Int'reſt draws,
His Brothers Glory, and His Countries Cauſe.
Let thy bold Pencil, Hope, and Courage ſpread
Through the whole Navy, by that Heroe led;
Make all appear, where ſuch a Prince is by,
Reſolv'd to Conquer, or reſolv'd to Die:
With His Extraction, and His Glorious mind
Make the proud Sails ſwell, more than with the wind
Preventing

Preventing Cannon, make His louder Fame
Check the *Batavians*, and their Fury tame:
So hungry Wolves, though greedy of their Prey,
Stop, when they find a Lion in their way.
Make him beſtride the Ocean, and Mankind
Ask His conſent, to uſe the Sea and Wind:
While his tall Ships in the barr'd Channel ſtand,
He graſps the *Indies* in His armed Hand.
Paint an Eaſt-wind, and make it blow away
Th' excuſe of *Holland* for their Navies ſtay;
Make them look pale, and the bold Prince to ſhun
Through the cold North, and Rocky Regions run,
To find the Coaſt where Morning firſt appears,
By the dark Pole the wary *Belgian* ſteers,
Confeſſing now, He dreads the *Engliſh* more,
Than all the dangers of a frozen Shore;
While from our Arms ſecurity to find,
They flie ſo far, they leave the Day behind,

Deſcribe

Deſcribe their Fleet abandoning the Sea,
And all their Merchants left a wealthy Prey;
Our firſt ſucceſs in War, make *Bacchus* Crown
And half the Vintage of the Year our own:
About Nov.r 1664. The *Dutch* their Wine, and all their Brandy loſe;
Diſarm'd of that, from which their Courage grows;
While the glad *Engliſh*, to relieve their toil,
In healths to their great Leader drink the ſpoil:
His high Command to *Africk*'s Coaſt extend,
And make the *Moors* before the *Engliſh* bend:
April 1662. & Oct.r Thoſe barbarous Pirates willingly receive
Conditions, ſuch as we are pleas'd to give;
Deſerted by the *Dutch*, let Nations know,
We can our own, and their great buſineſs do;
Falſe Friends chaſtiſe, and common Foes reſtrain,
Which worſe than Tempeſts did infeſt the Main
Within thoſe *Streights* make *Holland*'s *Smirna* Fleet
With a ſmall Squadron of the *Engliſh* meet;

Like

Like Falcons theſe, thoſe like a numerous Flock
Of fowl, which ſcatter to avoid the Shock.
There paint Confuſion in a various ſhape
Some ſink, ſome yield, and flying ſome eſcape:
Europe and *Africa* from either ſhore
Spectators are, and hear our Cannon roar;
While the divided world, in this agree,
Men that Fight ſo, deſerve to rule the Sea.
But nearer home, thy Penſil uſe once more,
And place our Navy by the *Holland* ſhore;
The World they compaſs'd while they fought with (*Spain*,
But here already they reſign the Main:
Thoſe greedy Marriners, out of whoſe way,
Diffuſive Nature could no Region lay,
At home preſerv'd, from Rocks and Tempeſts lie'
Compel'd, like others, in their Beds to die;
Their ſingle Towns th' *Iberian* Armies preſt,
We all their Provinces at once inveſt,

And

And in a Month Ruine their Traffique more,
Than that long War could in an Age before.

But who can always on the Billows lie?
The watry Wildernefs yields no ſupply;
Spreading our Sails, to *Harwich* we reſort,
And meet the Beauties of the *Britiſh* Court,
Th' Illuſtrious Ducheſs, and her Glorious Train,
Like *Thetis* with her Nymphs adorn the Main;
The gazing Sea-gods, ſince the *Paphian* Queen
Sprung from among them, no ſuch ſight had ſeen
Charm'd with the Graces of a Troop ſo fair,
Thoſe deathleſs Powers for us themſelves declare
Reſolv'd the aid of *Neptune*'s Court to bring,
And help the Nation where ſuch Beauties ſpring:
The Soldier here his waſted ſtore ſupplies,
And takes new Valor from the Ladies Eyes:
Mean while like Bees when ſtormy Winter's gone,
The *Dutch* (as if the Sea were all their own)

Deſert

Deſert their Ports, and falling in their way
Our *Hamburgh* Merchants are become their Prey; May 65.
Thus flouriſh they, before th' approaching Fight,
As dying Tapers give a blazing Light.
To check their Pride, our Fleet half victual'd goes,
Enough to ſerve us till we reach our Foes,
Who now appear ſo numerous and bold,
The Action worthy of our Arms we hold;
A greater force than that which here we find,
Ne're preſs'd the Ocean, nor employ'd the Wind.
Reſtrain'd a while by the unwelcome Night,
Th' impatient *Engliſh* ſcarce attend the Light.
But now the Morning, Heav'n ſeverely clear,
To the fierce Worſt Indulgent does appear;
And *Phœbus* lifts above the Waves his Light,
That he might ſee, and thus record the Fight:
As when loud winds from different quarters ruſh,
Vaſt Clouds incountring, one another cruſh,

With ſwelling, Sails, ſo from their ſeveral Coaſts,
Join the *Batavian* and the *Britiſh* Hoaſts.

For a leſs Prize, with leſs Concern and Rage,
The *Roman* Fleets at *Actium* did Engage;
They for the Empire of the World they knew,
Theſe for the Old contend, and for the New:
At the firſt ſhock, with Blood and Powder ſtain'd,
Nor Heaven, nor Sea, their former face retain'd;
Fury and Art produce Effects ſo ſtrange,
They trouble Nature, and her Viſage change:
Where burning Ships the baniſh'd Sun ſupply,
And no Light ſhines, but that by which men die.
There *YORK* appears, ſo prodigal is he
Of Royal Blood as ancient as the Sea,
Which down to Him ſo many Ages told,
Has through the veins of Mighty Monarchs roll'd.
The great *Achilles* march'd not to the Field,
Till *Vulcan* that impenetrable Shield.

And

And Arms had wrought, yet there no Bullets flew,
But Shafts and Darts, which the weak *Phrygians* (threw

Our bolder Heroe on the Deck does ſtand
Expos'd the Bulwark of his Native Land,
Defenſive Arms laid by, as uſeleſs here,
Where Maſſie Balls the Neighbouring Rocks do (tear;

Some power unſeen thoſe Princes do's protect,
Who for their Countrey thus themſelves neglect.
Againſt *Him* firſt *Opdam* his Squadron leads,
Proud of his late Succeſs againſt the *Suedes*,
Made by that Action, and his high Command
Worthy to periſh by a Princes Hand:
The tall *Batavian* in vaſt Ship rides,
Bearing an Army in her hollow ſides,
Yet not inclin'd the *Engliſh* Ship to board,
More on his Guns relies, than on his Sword,

From whence a fatal Volly we receiv'd,
It miſs'd the Duke, but His Great Heart it
(griev'd;
E. Falm.th E. Portland E. Marlbr.o Three worthy Perſons from His ſide it tore,
And dy'd His Garment with their ſcatter'd Gore
Happy! to whom this glorious death arrives,
More to be valu'd than a thouſand Lives!
On ſuch a Theatre, as this, to die,
For ſuch a Cauſe, and ſuch a Witneſs by!
Who would not thus a Sacrifice be made,
To have his Blood on ſuch an Altar laid?
The reſt about Him ſtrook with horror ſtood,
To ſee their Leader cover'd o're with Blood;
So trembled *Jacob*, when he thought the ſtains
Of his Sons Coat had iſſued from his veins:
He feels no wound, but in his troubled
(thought'
Before for Honour, now Revenge He fought,
His

His Friends in pieces torn, the bitter News
Not brought by Fame, with His own Eyes He views;
His Mind at once reflecting on their Youth,
Their Worth, their Love, their Valour, and their
(Truth,
The joys of Court, their Mothers and their Wives
To follow Him abandon'd, and their Lives.
He ſtorms, and ſhoots; but flying Bullets now
To execute His Rage, appear too ſlow;
They miſs, or ſweep but common Souls away,
For ſuch a Loſs, *Opdam* his Life muſt pay:
Encouraging His Men, He gives the Word,
With fierce intent that hated Ship to Board,
And make the guilty *Dutch*, with His own Arm,
Wait on His Friends, while yet their Blood is warm;
His winged Veſſel like an Eagle ſhows,
When through the Clouds to truſs a Swan ſhe
(goes;

The *Belgian* Ship unmov'd, like ſome huge Rock
Inhabiting the Sea, expects the ſhock:
From both the Fleets Mens eyes are bent this way,
Neglecting all the buſineſs of the day,
Bullets their flight, and Guns their noiſe ſuſpend
The ſilent Ocean does th' event attend,
Which Leader ſhall the doubtful vict'ry bleſs,
And give an earneſt of the wars ſucceſs;
When Heav'n it ſelf for *England* to declare,
Turns Ship, and Men, and Tackle into Air;
Their new Commander from his Charge is toſt,
Which that young Prince had ſo unjuſtly loſt,
Whoſe great Progenitors with better Fate,
And better Conduct ſway'd their Infant State.
His flight tow'rds Heav'n th' aſpiring *Belgian* took,
But fell like *Phaeton* with Thunder ſtrook,
From vaſter hopes than his, he ſeem'd to fall,
That durſt attempt the *Britiſh* Admiral:

From

From her Broad-ſides, a ruder Flame is thrown,
Than from the fiery Chariot of the Sun;
That bears the radiant Enſign of the day,
And ſhe the Flag that Governs in the Sea.

The Duke ill pleas'd that Fire ſhould thus prevent
The work which for His brighter Sword he meant,
Anger ſtill burning in His valiant breaſt,
Goes to compleat Revenge upon the reſt;
So on the guardleſs Herd their Keeper ſlain,
Ruſhes a Tyger in the *Lybian* Plain.
The *Dutch* accuſtom'd to the raging Sea,
And in black ſtorms the frowns of Heav'n to ſee,
Never met Tempeſt which more urg'd their fears,
Than that which in the Prince His look appears;
Fierce, Goodly, Young, *Mars* he reſembles, when
Jove ſends him down to ſcourge perfidious Men,
Such as with foul Ingratitude have paid
Both thoſe that Led, and thoſe that gave them Aid;

Where He gives on, diſpoſing of their Fates,
Terror and Death on His loud Cannon waits,
With which He pleads His Brothers Cauſe ſo well,
He ſhakes the Throne to which He does appeal:
The Sea with ſpoils His angry Bullets ſtrow,
Widows and Orphans making as they go;
Before His Ship, fragments of Veſſels torn,
Flags, Arms, and *Belgian* Carcaſſes are born,
And his deſpairing Foes to flight inclin'd,
Spread all their Canvas to invite the Wind:
So the rude *Boreas* where he liſts to blow,
Makes Clouds above, and Billows flie below,
Beating the Shore, and with a boiſterous rage
Does Heav'n at once, and Earth, and Sea ingage.
The *Dutch* elſewhere, did through the watry field
Perform enough to have made others yield;
But *Engliſh* Courage growing as they fight,
In Danger, Noiſe, and Slaughter takes delight;

Their

Their bloody Task, unwearied ſtill, they ply,
Only reſtrain'd by Death, or Victory:

Iron and Lead, from Earths dark Entrails torn,
Like ſhow'rs of Hail from either ſide are born,
So high the Rage of wretched Mortals goes,
Hurling their Mothers bowels at their Foes,
Ingenious to their Ruine, every Age
Improves the Arts, and Inſtruments of Rage;
Death haſt'ning ills Nature enough has ſent,
And yet Men ſtill a thouſand more invent.

But *Bacchus* now which led the *Belgians* on
So fierce at firſt, to favour us begun;
Brandy and Wine, their wonted Friends, at lenght
Render them uſeleſs, and betray their ſtrength:

So Corn in Fields, and in the Garden Flowers,
Revive, and raiſe themſelves with moderate ſhow-
ers;

But

But overcharg'd with never-ceaſing Rain,
Become too moiſt, and bend their heads again:

Their reeling Ships on one another fall,
Without a Foe enough to ruine all:
Of this Diſorder, and the favouring Wind,
The watchful *Engliſh* ſuch advantage find,
Ships fraught with Fire among the heap they throw,
And up the ſo intangl'd *Belgians* blow;
The Flame invades the Powder-Rooms, and then
Their Guns ſhoot Bullets, and their Veſſels Men;
The ſcorcht *Batavians* on the Billows float,
Sent from their own to paſs in *Charon*,s Boat.

And now our Royal Admiral, Succeſs
With all the marks of Victory does bleſs;
The burning Ships, the taken, and the ſlain,
Proclaim His Triumph o're the conquer'd Main:

Nearer

Nearer to *Holland* as their haſty flight
Carries the noiſe and tumult of the Fight,
His Cannons roar, Forerunner of His Fame,
Makes their *Hague* tremble, and their *Amſterdam*:
The *Britiſh* Thunder does their Houſes rock,
And the Duke ſeems at every door to knock;

His dreadful Streamer like a Comets hair
Threatning Deſtruction, haſtens their Deſpair,
Makes them deplore their ſcatter'd Fleet as loſt,
And fear our preſent Landing on their Coaſt.

The trembling *Dutch* th' approaching Prince behold,
As Sheep a Lion leaping tow'rds their Fold;
Thoſe Piles which ſerve them to repel the Main,
They think too weak His fury to reſtrain:
What wonders may not *Engliſh* Valor work,
Led by th' Example of victorious *YORK*?

Or

Or what Defence againſt Him can they make,
Who at ſuch diſtance does their Countrey ſhake?
His fatal Hand their Bulwarks will o'rethrow,
And let in both the Ocean and the Foe:

Thus cry the People, and their Land to keep,
Allow our Title to command the Deep,
Blaming their States ill Conduct to provoke
Thoſe Arms which freed them from the *Spaniſh* yoke.

Painter, excuſe me, if I have a while
Forgot thy Art, and us'd another Stile;
For though you draw arm'd Heroes as they ſit,
The task in Battel does the Muſes fit;
They in the dark confuſion of a Fight
Diſcover all, inſtruct us how to write,
And Light and Honour to brave Actions yield,
Hid in the ſmoak and tumult of the Field.

Ages

Ages to come ſhall know that Leaders toil,
And His Great Name on whom the Muſes ſmile;
Their Dictates here let thy fam'd Pencil trace
And this Relation with thy Colours grace.

Then draw the Parliament, the Nobles met,
And our Great Monarch, High above Them ſet;
Like young *Auguſtus* let His Image be,
Triumphing for that Victory at Sea,
Where *Egypts* Queen, and *Eaſtern* Kings o'rethrown,
Made the poſſeſſion of the World His own.

Laſt draw the Commons at His Royal Feet,
Pouring out Treaſure to ſupply His Fleet;
They vow with Lives and Fortunes to maintain
Their King's Eternal Title to the Main,
And with a Preſent to the Duke approve
His Valor, Conduct, and His Countries Love.

TO

TO THE

KING.

GREAT SIR, Diſdain not in this piece to (ſtand
Supreme Commander both of Sea and Land:
Thoſe which inhabit the Celeſtial Bower,
Painters expreſs with Emblems of their Pow'r;
His Club *Alcides*, *Phœbus* has his Bowe,
Jove has his Thunder, and Your Navy You.

But Your Great Providence no Colours here
Can Repreſent, nor Pencil draw that Care
Which keeps You waking, to ſecure our Peace,
The Nations Glory, and our Trades increaſe;
You for theſe Ends whole days in Council ſit,
And the Diverſions of Your Youth forget.

Small

Small were the worth of Valor and of Force,
If Your high Wiſdom govern'd not their Courſe;
You as the Soul, as the firſt Mover You
Vigor and Life on every Part beſtow,
How to build Ships, and dreadful Ordnance caſt,
Inſtruct the Artiſts, and reward their Haſte:
So *Jove* himſelf, when *Typhon* Heav'n does brave,
Deſcends to viſit *Vulcan*'s ſmoaky Cave,
Teaching the brawny *Cyclops* how to frame
His Thunder mixt with Terror, Wrath and Flame.
Had the old *Greeks* diſcover'd Your abode,
Crete had not been the Cradle of their God,
On that ſmall Iſland they had look'd with ſcorn,
And in *Great Brittain* thought the Thunder born.

TO

TO A
Friend of the AUTHORS,
A Perſon of HONOUR:

Supposed to be the Lord Berkley *of* Berkley.

Who lately writ a Religious Book, Entituled, *Hiſtorical Applications, and occaſional Meditations upon ſeveral Subjects.* 1670.

BOld is the Man that dares ingage
For Piety, in ſuch an Age.
Who can preſume to find a Guard
From Scorn, when Heaven's ſo little ſpar'd?
Divines are pardon'd, they defend
Altars on which their Lives depend:
But the Prophane impatient are
When Nobler Pens make this their care.
For why ſhould theſe let in a Beam
Of Divine Light to trouble them;

And

And call in doubt their pleaſing Thought,
That none believes what we are taught?
High Birth and Fortune warrant give,
That ſuch Men write what they believe:
And feeling firſt what they indite,
New credit give to ancient Light.
Amongſt theſe few our Author brings
His well-known Pedigree from Kings.
This Book, the Image of his Mind,
Will make his Name not hard to find.
I wiſh the Throng of *Great* and *Good*
Made it leſs eas'ly underſtood.

To Mr. Henry Lawes, *who had then newly ſet a Song of mine in the Year* 1653.

VErſe makes *Heroick* Vertue live,
But you can Life to Verſes give:
As when in open Air we blow,
The Breath (though ſtrain'd) ſounds flat and low;

But if a Trumpet take the blaſt,
It lifts it high, and makes it laſt:
So in your Ayrs our Numbers dreſt
Make a ſhril ſally from the Breſt
Of Nymphs, who ſinging what we pen'd,
Our paſſions to themſelves commend,
While Love victorious with thy Art
Governs at once their Voice and Heart;
You by the help of Tune and Time,
Can make that Song which was but Rhime.
Noy pleading, no man doubts the Cauſe,
Or queſtions Verſes ſet by *LAWS*.
As a Church-window thick with Paint,
Lets in a light but dim and faint;
So others with Diviſion hide
The light of Sence, may Poets pride,
But you alone may truly boaſt
That not a Syllable is loſt;

The

The Writers and the Setter's skill
At once the raviſht Ears do fill.
Let thoſe which only warble long,
And Gargle in their Throats a Song.
Content themſelves with *UT, RE, MI,*
Let Words and Sence be ſet by thee.

Upon Her Majeſties New Buildings at Somerſet-Houſe.

GReat Queen, that does our Iſland bleſs,
With Princes and with Palaces;
Treated ſo ill, chac'd from your Throne,
Returning, you adorn the Town,
And with a brave Revenge do ſhow,
Their Glory went and came with you.

While Peace from hence, and you were gone
Your houſes in that Srorm o'rethrown
Thoſe wounds which Civil Rage did give,
At once you Pardon and Relieve:

Conſtant to *England* in your Love,
As Birds are to their wonted Grove,
Though by rude hands their Neſts are ſpoil'd,
There, the next Spring again they build:

Accuſing ſome malignant Star,
Not *Britain*, for that fatal War,
Your Kindneſs baniſhes your Fear,
Reſolv'd to fix for ever here.

But what new Mine this work ſupplies?
Can ſuch a Pile from Ruine riſe?
This like the firſt Creation ſhows,
As if at your Command it roſe;

Frugality, and Bounty too,
Thoſe differing Virtues meet in you;
From a confin'd well-manag'd Store
You both employ, and feed the Poor:

Let Foreign Princes vainly boaſt
The rude effects of Pride and Coſt,
Of vaſter Fabriques to which They
Contribute nothing, but the Pay:
This, by the Queen her ſelf deſign'd,
Gives us a pattern of her mind;
The State and Order does proclaim
The *Genius* of that Royal Dame,
Each part with juſt proportion grac'd,
And all to ſuch advantage plac'd,
That the fair view her Window yields,
The Town, the River, and the Fields
Entring, Beneath us we deſcry,
And wonder how we came ſo high;
She needs no weary ſteps aſcend,
All ſeems before her feet to bend,
And here, as She was born, She lies
High, without taking pains to riſe.

On the Picture of a fair Youth taken after he was dead.

AS gather'd Flowers, whilſt their wounds are new,
Look gay and freſh, as on the ſtalk they grew,
Torn from the root that nouriſht them, awhile,
Not taking notice of their Fate, they ſmile.
And in the hand, which rudely pluckt them, ſhow
Fairer than thoſe that to their Autumn grow;
So Love and Beauty ſtill that Viſage grace,
Death cannot fright them from their wonted place:
Alive the hand of crooked Age had marr'd
Thoſe lovely Features, which cold death has ſpar'd.
No wonder then———
The reſt is loſt.

Epigram

Epigram upon the Golden Medal.

OUR Guard upon the Royal ſide,
On the Reverſe, Our Beauty's pride
Here we diſcern, the Frown and Smile,
The Force and Glory of Our Iſle;
In the rich Medal both ſo like
Immortals ſtand, it ſeems Antique,
Carv'd by ſome Maſter, when the bold
Greeks made their *Jove* deſcend in Gold,
And *Danae* wond'ring at that ſhow'r,
Which falling, ſtorm'd her brazen Tow'r;
Britannia there, the Fort in vain
Had batter'd been with Golden Rain;
Thunder it ſelf had fail'd to paſs,
Vertue's a ſtronger Guard than Braſs.

On the Picture of a fair Youth taken after he was dead.

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Look gay and freſh, as on the ſtalk they grew,
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Had batter'd been with Golden Rain;
Thunder it ſelf had fail'd to paſs,
Vertue's a ſtronger Guard than Braſs.

Of a Tree cut in Paper.

FAir Hand that can on Virgin-paper write,
Yet from the ſtain of Ink preſerve it white,
whoſe travel o're that Silver Field does ſhow,
Like track of Leveretts in morning Snow;
Love's Image thus in pureſt minds is wrought,
Without a ſpot or blemiſh to the thought;
Strange that your Fingers ſhould the Pencil foil
Without the help of Colours, or of Oil;
For though a Painter Boughs and Leaves can (make,
'Tis you alone can make them bend and ſhake,
Whoſe Breath ſalutes your new created Grove
Like Southern winds, and makes it gently move
Orpheus could make the Foreſt dance, but you
Can make the Motion and the Foreſt too.

To

To a Lady from whom he received the foregoing Copy which for many years had been loſt.

NOthing lies hid from radiant Eyes,
All they ſubdue become their Spies:
Secrets, as choiceſt Jewels are
Preſented to oblige the Fair,
No wonder then, that a loſt thought
Should there be found, where Souls are caught.

The Picture of fair *Venus*, That,
For which, men ſay, The Goddeſs ſate,
Was loſt, till *Lilly* from your Look,
Again that Glorious Image took;

If Vertue's ſelf were loſt, we might
From your fair Mind new Copies write:
All things, but one, you can reſtore,
The Heart you get returns no more.

The

Very good.

The Night-piece, or a Picture drawn in the dark.

DArkneſs, which faireſt Nymphs diſarms,
Defends us ill from *Mira*'s Charms;
Mira can lay her Beauty by,
Take no advantage of the Eye,
Quit all that *Lilly*'s Art can take,
And yet a thouſand Captives make;

Her Speech is grac't with ſweeter Sound,
Than in another's Song is found,
And all her well-plac'd words are Darts,
Which need no Light to reach our Hearts.

As the bright Stars and milky way,
Show'd by the Night, are hid by day;
So we in that accompliſht Mind,
Helpt by the Night, new Graces find,

Which

Which by the ſplendor of her view
Dazled before we never knew;
While we converſe with her, we mark
No want of Day, nor think it dark;
Her ſhining Image is a light
Fixt in our hearts, and conquers Night;
Like Jewels to advantage ſet,
Her Beauty by the ſhade does get;
There, Bluſhes, Frowns, and cold Diſdain,
All, that our paſſion might reſtrain
Is hid, and our Indulgent mind
Preſents the fair *Idea* kind.
Yet friended by the Night, we dare,
Only in whiſpers, tell our Care;
He that on her his bold hand lays
With *Cupid*'s pointed Arrows plays,
They, with a touch, they are ſo keen,
Wound us unſhot, and She unſeen;

All near approaches threaten Death,
We may be ſhipwrackt by her Breath.
Loue favour'd once, with that ſweet Gale,
Doubles his Haſte, and fills his Sail,
Till he arrive, where ſhe muſt prove
The Haven, or the Rock of Love;

So we th' *Arabian* Coaſt do know,
At diſtance, when the Spices blow,
By the rich Odour taught to ſteer,
Though neither Day, nor Stars appear.

Of Engliſh Verſe.

very good.

POets may boaſt [as ſafely-Vain]
Their work ſhall with the world remain:
Both bound together, live, or die,
The Verſes and the Prophecy.

But

But who can hope his Lines ſhould long
Laſt in a daily-changing Tongue?
While they are new, Envy prevails,
And as that dies, our Language fails.

When Architects have done their part,
The Matter may betray their Art;
Time, if we uſe ill-choſen Stone,
Soon brings a well-built Palace down.

Poets that laſting Marble ſeek,
Muſt carve in *Latin* or in *Greek*;
We write in Sand, our Language grows,
And like our Tide our o'reflows.

Chaucer his Senſe can only boaſt,
The glory of his Numbers loſt,
Years have defac'd his matchleſs ſtrain:
And yet he did not ſing in vain;

The

The Beauties which adorn'd that Age,
The ſhining Subjects of his Rage,
Hoping they ſhould Immortal prove,
Rewarded with ſucceſs his Love.

This was the generous Poet's ſcope,
And all an *Engliſh* Pen can hope,
To make the Fair approve his Flame,
Than can ſo far extend their Fame.

Verſe thus deſign'd has no ill Fate,
If it arrive but at the Date
Of fading Beauty, if it prove
But as long-liv'd as preſent Love.

Sung by Mrs. Knight, *to Her Majeſty on Her Birth-day.*

THis happy day two Lights are ſeen,
A glorious Saint, a Matchleſs Queen;

Both

Both nam'd alike, both Crown'd appear,
The Saint above, the *Infanta* here:
May all thoſe years which *Catharine*
The Martyr did for Heav'n reſign,
Be added to the Line
Of Your bleſt Life amongſt us here.
For all the pains that She did feel,
And all the Torments of Her Wheel:
May You as many Pleaſures ſhare;
May Heaven it ſelf content
With *Catherine* the Saint.
Without appearing old,
An hundred times may You,
With Eyes as bright as now
This welcome Day behold.

To his Worthy Friend Sir Thomas Higgons *upon his Tranſlation of the* Venetian Triumph.

THE winged Lion's not ſo fierce in Fight
As *Liberi*'s hand preſents him to our Sight,
Nor would his Pencil make him half ſo fierce,
Or roar ſo loud as *Buſinello*'s Verſe:
But your Tranſlation does all three excell,
The Fight, the Piece, and lofty *Buſinel*:
As their ſmall Gallies may not hold compare
With our tall Ships, whoſe Sails employ more Air;
So does th' *Italian* to your *Genius* vaile,
Mov'd with a fuller and a nobler Gale:
Thus while your Muſe ſpreads the *Venetian* ſtory,
You make all *Europe* emulate her Glory:
You make them bluſh, weak *Venice* ſhould defend
The cauſe of Heaven, while they for words contend,

Shed

Shed Chriſtian Blood, and populous Cities raze,
Becauſe the'yre taught to uſe ſome different Phraze.
If liſt'ning to your Charms we could our Jars
Compoſe, and on the *Turk* diſcharge theſe Wars;
Our *Britiſh* Arms the ſacred Tomb might wreſt
From *Pagan* hands, and Triumph o're the Eaſt:
And then you might our own high Deeds recite,
And with great *Taſſo* celebrate the Fight.

Epitaph.

HEre lies *Charles Candiſh*: let the Marble Stone
That hides his Aſhes, make his Virtue (known:
Beauty and Valor did his ſhort Life grace,
The grief and Glory of his Noble Race:
Early abroad he did the World ſurvey,
As if He knew he had not long to ſtay;

Saw what Great *Alexander* in the Eaſt,
And mighty *Julius* conquer'd in the Weſt;
Then with a Mind, as great as theirs, he came
To find at home occaſion for his Fame;
Where dark Confuſion did the Nations hide,
And where the Juſter was the weaker ſide.
Two Loyal Brothers took their Sovereign's part,
Imploy'd their Wealth, their Courage, and their Art;
The Elder did whole Regiments afford,
The Younger brought his Conduct and his Sword:
Born to command, a Leader he begon,
And on the Rebels laſting Honour won:
The Horſe inſtructed by their General's worth,
Still made the King victorious in the North;
Where *Candiſh* fought, the Royaliſts prevail'd,
Neither his Courage nor his Judgment fail'd;
The Current of his victories found no ſtop,
Till *Cromwel* came, his Parties chiefeſt prop;

Equal

Equal ſucceſs had ſet theſe Champions high;
And both reſolved to Conquer, or to Die:
Vertue with Rage, Fury with Valor ſtrove;
But that muſt fall which is decreed Above.
Cromwel, with odds of Number, and of Fate,
Remov'd this Bulwark of the Church and State;
Which the ſaid Iſſue of the War declar'd,
And made his Task to ruine both leſs hard:
So when the Bank neglected is o'rethrown,
The boundleſs Torrent doth the Countrey drown.
Thus fell the Young, the Lovely, and the Brave,
Strow Bays and Flowers on his honoured Grave.

Of Her Royal Highneſs Mother to the Prince of Orange, *and of Her Portraick written by the late Ducheſs of* York (Hyde) *while She lived with Her.*

HEroick Nymph, in Tempeſts the ſupport,
In ~~piece~~ Peace the Glory, of the *Britiſh* Court,
Into whoſe Arms the Church, the State, and all
That precious is, or Sacred here, did fall.
Ages to come, that ſhall your Bounty hear,
Will think you Miſtriſs of the *Indies* were:
Thô ſtreighter Bounds your Fortune did confine,
In your large Heart was found a wealthy Mine;
Like the bleſ't Oil, the Widow's laſting Feaſt,
Your Treaſure, as you pour'd it out, increas't.
While ſome your Beauty, ſome your Bounty ſing,
Your native Iſle do's with your Praiſes ring:

But

But above all, a Nymph of your own Train,
Gives us your Character in ſuch a ſtrain,
As none but She, who in that Court did dwell,
Could know ſuch Worth, or Worth deſcribe ſo well:
So while we Mortals here at Heav'n do gueſs,
And more our Weakneſs than the Place expreſs;
Some Angel, a Domeſtick there, comes down,
And tells the Wonders he hath ſeen and known.

To the Ducheſs of Orleans, *when She was taking Leave of the Court at* Dover.

1670.

THat Sun of Beauty did among us riſe,
England firſt ſaw the Light of your fair Eyes;
In *Engliſh* too your early Wit was ſhown;
Favour that Language which was then your own,
When, though a Child, through Guards you made (your way,
What Fleet or Army could an Angel ſtay?

Thrice happy *Britain*! If ſhe could retain
Whom ſhe firſt bred within her ambient Main.
Our late-burnt *London* in Apparel new
Shook off her Aſhes to have treated you;
But we muſt ſee our Glory ſnatch away,
And with warm Tears increaſe the guilty Sea:
No wind can favour us; how e're it blows,
We muſt be wreckt, and our dear Treaſure loſe.
Sighs will not let us half our Sorrows tell;
Fair, Lovely, Great, and beſt of Nymphs, Farewell.

Written on a Card that Her Majeſty tore at Ombra.

THE Cards you tare in Value riſe,
So do the Wounded by your Eyes:
Who to Celeſtial things aſpire
Are by that Paſſion rais'd the higher,

To

To the Dutcheſs, when he preſented this Book To Her Royal Highneſs.

Madam,

I Here preſent you with the Rage,
And with the Beauties of a former Age;
Wiſhing you may with as great Pleaſure view
This, as we take in Gazing upon you:
Thus we writ then, your brighter Eyes inſpire,
A nobler Flame, and raiſe our *Genius* higher:
While we your wit and early Knowledge fear,
To our Productions we become ſevere;
Your matchleſs Beauty gives our Fancy wing;
Your Judgment makes us careful how we ſing.
Lines not compos'd, as heretofore, in haſte,
Poliſht, like Marble, ſhall like Marble laſt;
And make you through as many Ages ſhine,
As *Taſſo* has the Hero,s of your Line:

Thô other Names our wary Writers uſe,
You are the Subject of the *Britiſh* Muſe,
Dilating Miſchief to your ſelf unknown,
Men write, and die, of Wounds they dare not own;
So the bright Sun burns all our Graſs away,
While it means nothing but to give us Day.

Theſe Verſes were writ in the Taſſo *of Her Royal Highneſs.*

Taſſo knew how the fairer Sex to Grace,
But in no One, durſt all Perfection place:
In her alone, that owns this Book, is ſeen,
Clorinda's Spirit, and her lofty Meen.
Sophronia's Piety, *Erminia*'s Truth,
Armida's Charms, her Beauty, and her Youth.
Our Princeſs here, as in a Glaſs, do's dreſs
Her well-taught Mind, and every Grace expreſs:
More to our Wonder, than *Rinaldo* fought,
The Hero's Race excels the Poet's Thought.

Upon

Upon our late Loſs of the Duke of Cambridge.

1677.

THE failing Bloſſoms which a young Plant (bears,
Ingage our Hope for the ſucceeding Years:
And hope is all which Art or Nature brings
At the firſt Tryal to accompliſh things.
Mankind was firſt created an Eſſay,
That ruder draft the Deluge waſht away:
How many Ages paſt, what Blood and Toil
Before we made one Kingdom of this Iſle?
How long in vain had Nature ſtriv'd to frame
A perfect Princeſs e're her Highneſs came?
For Joys ſo great we muſt with patience wait,
'Tis the ſet price of Happineſs complete.
As a Firſt fruit Heaven claim'd that lovely Boy,
The Next ſhall live, and be the Nation's Joy.

Tran-

Tranſlated out of Spaniſh.

THô we may ſeem importunate,
While your Compaſſion we implore;
They whom you make too Fortunate,
May with Preſumption vex you more.

Of the Lady Mary, *Pr. of* Orange

1677

AS once the Lion Honey gave,
Out of the ſtrong ſuch ſweetneſs came;
A Royal Hero no leſs brave,
Produc'd this ſweet, this lovely Dame:
To her the Prince that did oppoſe
Such mighty Armies in the Field,
And *Holland* from prevailing Foes
Could ſo well free, himſelf does yield:

Not

Not *Belgia*'s Fleet (his high Command)
Which Triumphs where the Sun does riſe,
Nor all the Force he leads by Land,
Could guard him from her conquering Eyes.
Orange with Youth, Experience has?
In Action young, in Council old:
Orange is what *Auguſtus* was,
Brave, Wary, Provident, and Bold:
On that fair Tree, which bears his Name,
Bloſſoms and Fruit at once are found;
In him we all admire the ſame,
His flow'ry Youth with wiſdom Crown'd.
Empire and Freedom Reconcil'd,
In *Holland* are by Great *Naſſaw*;
Like thoſe he ſprung from, Juſt and Mild,
To willing People he gives Law.
Thrice Happy Pair! ſo Near Ally'd,
In Royal Blood, and Virtue too;

Now

Now Love has you together ty'd,
May none this Triple knot undo.
The Church ſhall be the happy place,
Where ſtreams which from the ſame ſource run,
Thô divers Lands awhile they grace,
Unite again and are made one.
A thouſand thanks the Nation ows
To him that does protect us all;
For while he thus his Neece beſtows,
About our Iſle he builds a Wall;
A Wall like that which *Athens* had,
By th' Oracles advice, of Wood:
Had theirs been ſuch as *Charles* has made,
That mighty State till now had ſtood.

Zacharissa

To the Servant of a Fair Lady. This Copy of Verſes being omitted in the former Edition.

FAir Fellow-Servant, may your gentle Ear
Prove more propitious to my ſlighted care,
Than the bright Dames we ſerve; for her Relief
(Vext with the long expreſſions of my Grief)
Receive theſe Plants; nor will her high diſdain
Forbid my humble Muſe to court her Train:
Thy skilful hand contributes to our Woe,
And whets thoſe Arrows which confound us ſo.
A thouſand *Cupids* in thoſe Curls do ſit,
Thoſe curious Nets thy ſlender Fingers knit:
The Graces put not more exactly on
Th'attire of *Venus*, when the Ball ſhe won,
Than that young Beauty by thy care is dreſt,
When all our Youth prefers her to the reſt.

You

You the ſoft Seaſon know, when beſt her Mind
May be to Pity or to Love inclin'd;
In ſome well-choſen hour ſupply his fear,
Whoſe hopeleſs Love durſt never tempt the Ear
Of that ſtern Goddeſs: you (her Prieſt) declare
What offerings may propitiate the Fair,
Rich Orient Pearl, bright Stones that n're decay,
Or poliſht Lines which longer laſt than they:
For if I thought ſhe took delight in thoſe,
To where the chearful Morn do's firſt diſcloſe;
(The ſhady Night removing with her Beams)
Wing'd with bold Love, I'de flie to fetch ſuch gems
But ſince her Eyes, her Teeth, her Lip excels,
All that is found in Mines or Fiſhes ſhells;
Her Nobler part as far exceeding theſe,
None but Immortol gifts her Mind ſhould pleaſe:
The ſhining Jewels *Greece*, and *Troy* beſtow'd
On *Spartan*'s Queen, her lovely Neck died lode,

And

And ſnowy Wriſts; but when the Town was burn'd,
Thoſe fading Glories were to Aſhes turn'd;
Her Beauty too had periſht, and her Fame,
Had not the Muſe redem;d them from the flame

Upon the Earl of Roſcommon's *Tranſlation of* Horace De Arte Poetica: *And of the Uſe of Poetry.*

1680.

ROme was not better by her *Horace* taught,
Than we are here to comprehend his (thought;
The Poet writ to Noble *Piſo* there,
A Noble *Piſo* do's inſtruct us here,
Gives us a pattern in his flowing Style,
And with rich Precepts do's oblige our Iſle;
Britain, whoſe *Genius* is in Verſe expreſt
Bold and Sublime, but negligently dreſt.

Horace will our ſuperfluous Branches prune,
Give us new Rules, and ſet our Harp in tune;

Direct

Direct us how to back the winged Horſe,
Favour his flight, and moderate his force.
Thô Poets may of Inſpiration boaſt;
Their Rage ill govern'd, in the Clouds is loſt.
He that proportion'd wonders can diſcloſe,
At once his Fancy and his Judgment ſhows.
Chaſte mortal writing we may learn from hence;
Neglect of which no Wit can recompence:
The Fountain which from *Helicon* proceeds,
That ſacred ſtream ſhould never water weeds;
Nor make the Crop of thorns and thiſtles grow,
Which envy or perverted Nature ſow,
Well ſounding Verſes are the Charm we uſe,
Heroick Thoughts, and Vertue to infuſe;
Things of deep ſence we may in Proſe unfold,
But they move more, in lofty Numbers told;
By the loud Trumpet, which our Courage aids,
We learn that ſound, as well as ſence, perſwades.

The

The Muſes Friend unto himſelf ſevere,
With ſilent pity looks on all that Err;
But where a brave, a publick Action ſhines,
That he rewards with his Immortal Lines.
Whether it be in Council or in Fight;
His Countries Honour is his chief delight:
Praiſe of great Acts he ſcatters, as a ſeed,
Which may the like, in coming Ages breed.

Here taught the fate of Verſes, always priz'd
With admiration, or as much deſpis'd;
Men will be leſs indulgent to their Faults,
And patience have to cultivate their thoughts:
Poets loſe half the praiſe they ſhould have got,
Could it be known what they diſcreetly blot:
Finding new Words, that to the Raviſht Ear
May like the Language of the Gods appear;
Such as of old, wiſe Bards employ'd, to make
Unpoliſht Men their wild Retreats forſake;

Law giving Heroes, fam'd for taming Brutes,
And raiſing Cities with their charming Lutes:
For rudeſt minds with Harmony were caught,
And civil Life was by the Muſes taught.
So wandring Bees would periſh in the Air,
Did not a ſound proportion'd to their Ear
Appeaſe their Rage, invite them to the Hive,
Unite their Force, and teach them how to thrive,
To rob the Flowers, and to forbear the Spoil;
Preſerv'd in Winter by their Summers Toil,
They give us Food, which may with Nectar vie,
And Wax, that do's the abſent Sun ſupply.

Epitaph on Sir George Speke.

UNder this Stone lies Vertue, Youth,
Unblemiſht Probity and Truth:
Juſt unto all Relations known,
A worthy Patriot, Pious Son.

Whom

Whom Neighbouring Towns ſo often ſent,
To give their Sence in Parliament;
With Lives and Fortunes truſting one,
Who ſo diſcreetly us'd his own,
Sober he was, Wiſe, Temperate;
Contented with an Old Eſtate,
Which no foul Avarice did increaſe,
Nor wanton Luxury make leſs.

While yer but Young, his Father dy'd,
And left him to an happy Guide:
Not *Lemuel*'s Mother with more care
Did counſel or inſtruct her Heir;
Or teach with more ſucceſs her Son
The Vices of the Time to ſhun.

An Heireſs ſhe, while yet alive,
All that was her's to him did give:
And he juſt Gratitude did ſhow
To one that had oblig'd him ſo;

Nothing too much for her he thought,
By whom he was ſo bred and taught;
So early made that path to tread,
Which did his Youth to Honour lead:
His ſhort Life did a Pattern give,
How Neighbors, Husbands, Friends ſhould live.
The Vertues of a private Life
Exceed the glorious Noiſe and Strife
Of Battels won; in thoſe we find
The ſolid Intereſt of Mankind.
Approv'd by all, and lov'd ſo well,
Tho' Young, like Fruit that's ripe, he fell.

Of Her Majeſty 2. Cath *on* New-years Day 1683.

WHat Revolutions in the World have been,
How are we changed, ſince we firſt ſaw the (Queen?
She, like the Sun, do's ſtill the ſame appear,
Bright as She was at her Arrival here:

Time

Time has Commiſſion Mortals to impair,
But things Celeſtial is oblig'd to ſpare.

May ev'ry *New-year* find her ſtill the ſame,
In Health and Beauty as She hither came;
When Lords and Commons with united Voice,
Th' Infanta nam'd, approv'd the Royal Choice:
Firſt of our Queens, whom not the King alone,
But the whole Nation lifted to the Throne.

With like Conſent, and like Deſert was crown'd
The Glorious Prince, that do's the *Turk* confound.
Victorious both; his Conduct wins the day,
And her Example chaces Vice away.
Thô louder Fame attend the Martial Rage;
'Tis greater Glory to Reform the Age.

A Preſage of the Ruine of the Turkiſh *Empire, Preſented to His Majeſty on His Birth-Day.*

SInce *JAMES* the Second grac'd the *Britiſh* (Throne,
Truce well obſerv'd has been infring'd by none.
Chriſtians to him their preſent Union ow,
And late Succeſs againſt the Common Foe:
While Neighb'ring Princes, loath to urge their (Fate,
Court his Aſſiſtance, and ſuſpend their Hate.
So angry Bulls the Combat do forbear,
When from the Wood a Lyon do's appear.

This happy day Peace to our Iſland ſent,
As now he gives it to the Continent.
A Prince more fit for ſuch a Glorious task
Than *England*'s King, from Heaven we cannot ask:

He

He Great and Good, proportion'd to the Work,
Their ill-drawn Swords ſhall turn againſt the *Turk*.

Such Kings, like Stars, with influence unconfin'd,
Shine with *Aſpect* propitious to Mankind;
Favour the innocent, repreſs the Bold,
And while they flouriſh, make an Age of Gold.

Bred in the Camp, fam'd for his Valor young
At Sea ſucceſsful vigorous and ſtrong;
His Fleet, His Army, and His mighty Mind
Eſteem and Rev'rence through the World do find:
A Prince with ſuch advantages as theſe,
Where he perſuades not, may command a Peace;
Britain declaring for the juſter ſide,
The moſt Ambitious will forget their Pride;
They that complain, will their endeavors ceaſe,
Advis'd by Him incline to preſent Peace;
Join to the *Turks* deſtruction, and then bring
All their Pretences to ſo juſt a King.

If the ſucceſsful Troublers of Mankind,
With Laurel crown'd, ſo great Applauſe do find;
Shall the vext World leſs Honour yield to thoſe
That ſtop their Progreſs, and their Rage oppoſe?
Next to that Pow'r, which do's the Ocean aw,
Is to ſet Bounds, and give Ambition Law.

The *Britiſh* Monarch ſhall the Glory have,
That famous *Greece* remains no longer Slave;
That ſource of Art and cultivated Thought,
Which they to *Rome*, and *Romans* hither brought.

The baniſht Muſes ſhall no longer mourn;
But may with Liberty to *Greece* return:
Thô Slaves, (like Birds that ſing not in a Cage)
They loſt their *Genius* and Poetick Rage;
Homers again, and *Pindars* may be found,
And his great Actions with their numbers crown'd.

The

The *Turk*'s vaſt Empire do's united ſtand;
Chriſtians divided under the Command
Of jarring Princes, would be ſoon undone,
Did not this Hero make their Int'reſt one;
Peace to embrace, ruine the Common Foe,
Exalt the Croſs, and lay the Croiſſant low.

Thus may the Goſpel to the riſing Sun
Be ſpread, and flouriſh where it firſt begun;
And this great day, ſo juſtly honour'd here,
Known to the Eaſt, and celebrated there.

Hæc Ego longævus cecini tibi maxime Regum:
Auſus & ipſe manu juvenum tentare laborem.
Virgil.

OF

Divine Love.

6. CANTO'S.

1. *Asserting the Authority of the Scripture, in which this Love is reveal'd.*
2. *The Preference and Love of God to Man in the Creation.*
3. *The same Love more amply declared in our Redemption.*
4. *How necessary this Love is to reform Mankind, and how excellent in it self.*
5. *Shewing how happy the World would be if this Love were universally embrac'd.*
6. *Of preserving this Love in our memory, and how useful the Contemplation thereof is.*

CANTO

CANTO I.

THe *Grecian* Muſe has all their Gods ſurviv'd,
Nor *Jove* at us, nor *Phœbus* is arriv'd;
Frail Deities, which firſt the Poets made,
And then invok'd, to give their Fancies aid!
Yet if they ſtill divert us with their Rage?
What may be hop'd for in a better Age?
When not from *Helicon*'s imagin'd Spring,
But ſacred Writ, we borrow what we Sing:
This with the Fabrick of the World begun,
Elder than Light, and ſhall out-laſt the Sun.
Before this Oracle (like *Dagon*) all
The falſe Pretenders, *Delphos*, *Hammon*, fall;
Long ſince deſpis'd, and ſilent they afford
Honour and Triumph to the Eternal Word.

As

As late Philoſophy our Globe has grac'd,
And rowling Earth among the Planets plac'd;
So has this Book intitl'd us to Heav'n,
And Rules to guide us to that Manſion giv'n:
Tells the conditions, how our Peace was made,
And is our Pledge for the great Author's aid.
His power in Nature's ample Book we find;
But the leſs Volume do's expreſs his mind.

This Light unknown, bold *Epicurus* taught,
That his bleſt Gods vouchſafe us not a thought;
But unconcern'd, let all below them ſlide,
As Fortune do's, or humane Wiſdom, guide.

Religion thus remov'd, the ſacred Yoke
And Band of all Society is broke:
What uſe of Oaths, of Promiſe, or of Teſt,
Where Men regard no God but Intereſt?
What endleſs War would jealous Nations tear,
If none above did witneſs what they ſwear?

Sad

Sad Fate of Unbelievers, (and yet juſt)
Among themſelves to find ſo little truſt!
Were Scripture ſilent, Nature would proclaim,
Without a God, our falſhood and our ſhame.
To know our Thoughts, the Object of his Eyes,
Is the firſt ſtep towards being good, or wiſe;
For thô with Judgment we on things reflect,
Our Will determines, not our Intellect:
Slaves to their Paſſion, Reaſon men employ
Only to compaſs what they would enjoy;
His fear, to guard us from our ſelves, we need,
And ſacred Writ our Reaſon do's exceed.

For thô Heaven ſhows the Glory of the Lord,
Yet ſomething ſhines more Glorious in his Word;
His mercy this (which all his work excels)
His tender kindneſs, and compaſſion tells:
While we inform'd by that Celeſtial Book,
Into the Bowels of our Maker look.

Love

Love there reveal'd, which never ſhall have end,
Nor had beginning, ſhall our Song commend;
Deſcribe it ſelf, and warm us with that flame,
Which firſt from Heav'n, to make us Happy, came.

CANTO II.

THE fear of Hell, or aiming to be bleſt,
Savours too much of private Intereſt;
This mov'd not *Moſes*, nor the zealous *Paul*,
Who for their Friends abandon'd Soul and all:
A greater yet, from Heav'n to Hell deſcends,
To ſave, and make his Enemies his Friends.
What line of Praiſe can fathom ſuch a Love,
Which reacht the loweſt bottom from above?
The Royal Prophet, that extended Grace
From Heav'n to earth, meaſur'd but half that ſpace:
The Law was regnant, and confin'd his thought,
Hell was not conquer'd, when that Poet wrote;

Heav'n

Heav'n was ſcarce heard of until he came down
To make the Region, where Love triumphs, known.
That early Love of Creatures yet unmade,
To frame the World th' Almighty did perſwade:
For Love it was, that firſt created Light,
Mov'd on the Waters, chac'd away the Night
From the rude *Chaos*, and beſtow'd new Grace
On things diſpos'd of to their proper place;
Some to reſt here, and ſome to ſhine above:
Earth, Sea, and Heav'n, were all th' Effects of Love.
And Love would be return'd; but there was none
That to themſelves, or others yet were known:
The World a Palace was, without a Gueſt,
Till one appears, that muſt excel the reſt;
One, like the Author, whoſe Capacious mind
Might by the Glorious Work, the Maker find;
Might meaſure Heaven, and give each Star a name,
With Art and Courage the rough Ocean tame;

Over

Over the Globe, with ſwelling Sails might go,
And that 'tis round, by his experience know;
Make ſtrongeſt Beaſts obedient to his Will,
And ſerve his uſe the fertile Earth to Till.
When by his word, God had accompliſht all,
Man to Create, he did a Council call;
Imploy'd his Hand, to give the Duſt he took
A graceful Figure, and Majeſtick Look;
With his own Breath, convey'd into his Breaſt
Life and a Soul fit to command the reſt,
Worthy alone to Celebrate his Name
For ſuch a Gift, and tell from whence it came:
Birds ſing his Praiſes, in a wilder Note,
But not with laſting numbers, and with thought
Man's great Prerogative. But above all
His Grace abounds, in his new Favorites fall.
If he Create, it is a World he makes;
If he be ang'ry, the Creation ſhakes:

From

From his juſt wrath our guilty Parents fled;
He curſt the Earth, but bruis'd the Serpent's head
Amidſt the Storm, his Bounty did exceed,
In the rich promiſe of the Virgins ſeed;
Thô Juſtice death as ſatisfaction craves,
Love finds a way to pluck us from our Graves.

CANTO III.

NOT willing Terror ſhould his Image move,
He gives a Pattern of Eternal Love;
His Son deſcends, to treat a Peace with thoſe,
Which were, and muſt have ever been his Foes;
Poor he became, and left his Glorious Seat,
To make us humble, and to make us great;
His buſineſs here was happineſs to give
To thoſe, whoſe Malice could not let him live:
Legions of Angels, which he might have us'd
For us reſolv'd to periſh, he refus'd;

While they ſtood ready to prevent his Loſs,
Love took him up, and nail'd him to the Croſs.
Immortal Love! which in his Bowels reign'd,
That we might be by ſuch Love conſtrain'd
To make return of Love; upon this Pole
Our Duty does, and our Religion rowle.
To Love is to believe, to hope, to know,
'Tis an Eſſay, a taſte of Heaven below.

He to proud Potentates would not be known,
Of thoſe that lov'd him, he was hid from none.
Till Love appear, we live in anxious doubt;
But Smoke will vaniſh, when that Flame breaks out.
This is the Fire, that would conſume our Droſs,
Refine, and make us richer by the Loſs.

Could we forbear Diſpute, and practiſe Love,
We ſhould agree, as Angels do above.
Where Love preſides, not Vice alone does find
No Entrance there, but Vertues ſtay behind:

Both

Both Faith and Hope, and all the meaner train
Of moral Vertues, at the door remain;
Love only enters, as a Native there,
For born in Heav'n, it do's but ſojourn here.

He that alone, would wiſe and mighty be;
Commands that others Love, as well as he:
Love as he Lov'd, how can we ſoar ſo high?
He can add wings, when he commands to flie:
Nor ſhould we be with this command diſmay'd,
He that examples gives, will give his Aid;
For he took fleſh, that where his Precepts fail,
His Practiſe as a Pattern may prevail;
His Love at once, and Dread inſtructs our thought,
As Man he ſuffer'd, and as God he taught;
Will for the Deed he takes, we may with eaſe
Obedient be, for if we Love, we pleaſe;
Weak thô we are, to Love is no hard task,
And Love for Love, is all that Heav'n do's ask:

Love, that would all Men juſt and temperate make,
Kind to themſelves, and others, for his ſake.

'Tis with our Minds, as with a fertile ground;
Wanting this Love, they muſt with Weeds abound;
Unruly Paſſions, whoſe effects are worſe,
Than Thorns and Thiſtles ſpringing from the curſe.

CANTO IV.

TO Glory Man, or Miſery is born,
Of his proud Foe the Envy or the Scorn;
Wretched he is, or happy in Extreme,
Baſe in himſelf, but great in Heav'ns eſteem;
With Love, of all created things, the beſt,
Without it more pernicious than the reſt.

For greedy Wolves unguarded Sheep devour
But while their hunger laſts, and then give o'r;
Mans boundleſs Avarice his want exceeds,
And on his Neighbors, round about him, feeds;

His

His Pride, and vain Ambition are ſo vaſt,
That Deluge like, they lay whole Nations waſt;
Debauches and Exceſs, thô with leſs noiſe,
As great a portion of Mankind deſtroys.

The Beaſts and Monſters, *Hercules* oppreſt,
Might in that Age, ſome Provinces infeſt;
Theſe more deſtructive Monſters, are the Bane
Of every Age, and in all Nations reign;
But ſoon would vaniſh, if the World were bleſt
With Sacred Love, by which they are repreſt.

Impendent death, and guilt that threatens Hell,
Are dreadful gueſts, which here with Mortals dwell;
And a vext Conſcience mingling with their Joy
Thoughts of Deſpair, do's their whole Life annoy:
But Love appearing, all thoſe Terrors flie,
We live contented, and contented die;
They in whoſe breaſt, this ſacred Love has place,
Death as a paſſage to their Joy embrace.

Clouds and thick Vapors which obſcure the day,
The Suns victorious Beams may chaſe away;
Thoſe which our Life corrupt, and darken, Love,
The Nobler Star, muſt from the Soul remove:
Spots are obſerv'd in that which bounds the year,
This brighter Sun moves in a boundleſs Sphere;
Of Heav'n the Joy, the Glory, and the Light,
Shines among Angels, and admits no Night.

CANTO V.

THis Iron Age, ſo fraudulent and bold,
Toucht with this Love, would be an Age of (Gold;
Not as they feign'd, that Oaks ſhould Honey drop,
Or Land neglected bear an unſown Crop:
Love would make all things eaſy, ſafe, and cheap,
None for himſelf, would either ſow, or reap:
Our ready Help, and mutual Love would yield
A nobler Harveſt, than the richeſt Field.

Famine

Famine and Dearth, confin'd to certain parts,
Extended are, by barrenneſs of Hearts;
Some pine for want, where others ſurfeit now,
But when we ſhould the uſe of Plenty know:
Love would betwixt the Rich and Needy ſtand,
And ſpread Heav'ns bounty with an equal hand;
At once the Givers, and Receivers bleſs,
Encreaſe their Joy, and make their Sufferings leſs.
Who for himſelf no Miracle would make,
Diſpens'd with for the Peoples ſake;
He that long Faſting would no wonder ſhow,
Made Loaves and Fiſhes, as they eat them, grow.
Of all his Power, which boundleſs was above,
Here he us'd none, but to expreſs his Love;
And ſuch a Love would make our Joy exceed,
Not when our own, but other mouths we feed.

Laws would be uſeleſs which rude Nature awe'
Love changing Nature, would prevent the Law;

Tygers, and Lyons, into Dens we thruſt,
But milder Creatures with their freedom truſt.
Devils are chain'd, and tremble; but the Spouſe,
No force but Love, nor Bond, but Bounty, knows:
Men, whom we now, ſo fierce and dang'rous ſee
Would Guardian Angels to each other be:
Such wonders can this mighty Love perform,
Vultures to Doves, Wolves into Lambs transform.

Love, what *Iſaiah* prophecy'd, can do,
Exalt the Valleys, lay the Mountains low;
Humble the lofty, the Dejected raiſe,
Smooth, and make ſtrait, our rough and crooked (ways

Love, ſtrong as Death, and like it, levels all;
With that poſſeſt, the great in Title fall,
Themſelves eſteem, but equal to the leaſt,
Whom Heav'n with that high Character has bleſt.

This Love, the Centre of our Union, can
Alone beſtow complete Repoſe on Man;

Tame

Tame his wild Appetite, make inward Peace,
And Foreign ſtrife among the Nations ceaſe:
No Martial Trumpet ſhould diſturb our reſt,
Nor Princes Arm, thô to ſubdue the Eaſt;
Where for the Tomb, ſo many Hero's, taught
By thoſe that guided their Devotion, fought.
Thrice Happy we, could we like Ardor have
To gain his Love, as they to win his Grave!
Love as he Lov'd, a Love ſo unconfin'd
With Arms extended would embrace Mankind.
Self-Love would ceaſe, or be dilated, when
We ſhould behold, as many Selfs, as Men;
All of one Family, in Blood ally'd,
His precious Blood, that for our Ranſom dy'd.

CANTO VI.

THô the Creation, ſo divinely taught,
Prints ſuch a lively Image in our thought,

That

That the firſt ſpark of new Created light
From *Chaos* ſtruck, affects our preſent ſight:
Yet the firſt Chriſtians did eſteem more bleſt
The day of Riſing, than the day of Reſt;
That ev'ry week might new occaſion give,
To make his Triumph in their memory live.
Then let our Muſe compoſe a Sacred Charm
To keep his Blood, among us, ever warm;
And ſinging, as the Bleſſed do above,
With our laſt breath dilate this flame of Love.
But on ſo vaſt a Subject, who can find
Words that may reach th' Idea's of his mind?
Our Language fails, or if it could ſupply,
What Mortal Thought can raiſe it ſelf ſo high?
Deſpairing here, we might abandon Art,
And only hope to have it in our heart;
But though we find this Sacred Task too hard,
Yet the Deſign, th' endeavor brings Reward;

The

The Contemplation does ſuſpend our Woe,
And make a Truce with all the Ills we know.
As *Saul*'s afflicted Spirit, from the ſound
Of *David*'s Harp, a preſent Solace found;
So on this Theam while we our Muſe engage,
No wounds are felt, of Fortune: or of Age:
On Divine Love to mediate is Peace,
And makes all care of meaner things to ceaſe.
Amaz'd at once, and comforted to find
A boundleſs Pow'r ſo infinitely kind;
The Soul contending to that Light to flie
From her dark Cell, we practiſe how to die;
Imploying thus the Poet's winged Art,
To reach this Love, and grave it in our heart.
Joy ſo complete, ſo ſolid and ſevere,
Would leave no place for meaner Pleaſures there;
Pale they would look, as Stars that muſt be gone,
When from the *Eaſt* the Riſing Sun comes on.

Flo-

Floriferis ut Apes in ſaltibus omnia libant,
Sic nos Scripturæ depaſcimur aurea dicta;
Aurea perpetuâ ſemper digniſſima vitâ.
Nam Divinus Amor, cum cœpit vociferari,
Diffugiunt Animi Terrores: ——————— Lucr.

Exul eram, requieſque mihi, non Fama petita eſt,
Mens intenta ſuis ne foret uſque malis.
Namque ubi mota calent Sacrâ mea Pectora Musâ,
Altior humano Spiritus ille malo eſt.

De Triſt.

OF

Divine Poeſie,

TWO CANTO'S,

Occaſioned upon ſight of the 53*d Chapter of* Iſaiah, *turn'd into* Verſe *by Mrs.* Wharton.

CANTO I.

POets we prize, when in their Verſe we find
Some great employment of a worthy mind.
Angels have been inquiſitive to know
The Secret, which this Oracle does ſhow.

What

What was come to *Iſaiah* did declare,
Which ſhe deſcribes, as if ſhe had been there;
Had ſeen the Wounds, which to the Reader's view,
She draws ſo lively, that they Bleed anew.

As Ivy thrives, which on the Oak takes hold,
So with the Prophets may her lines grow old;
If they ſhould die, who can the World forgive?
Such pious Lines! when wanton *Sapho's* live.
Who with his Breath his Image did inſpire,
Expects it ſhould foment a Nobler fire:
Not Love which Brutes as well as Men may know;
But Love like his, to whom that Breath we owe.

Verſe ſo deſign'd, on that high Subject wrote,
Is the Perfection of an ardent Thought:
The Smoke which we from burning Incenſe raiſe,
When we complete the Sacrifice of Praiſe.

In boundleſs Verſe the Fancy ſoars too high,
For any Object, but the Deity.

What

What Mortal can with Heav'n pretend to ſhare
In the Superlatives of Wiſe and Fair?
A meaner Subject when with theſe we grace,
A Giants habit on a Dwarf we place.

Sacred ſhould be the Product of our Muſe,
Like that ſweet Oil, above all private uſe:
On pain of Death forbidden to be made,
But when it ſhould be on the Altar laid.
Verſe ſhows a rich ineſtimable Vein,
When dropt from Heav'n, 'tis thither ſent again.

Of Bounty 'tis that he admits our Praiſe,
Which does not him, but us that yield it raiſe.
For as that Angel up to Heav'n did riſe,
Born on the Flame of *Manoah*'s Sacrifice:
So wing'd with Praiſe, we penetrate the Sky,
Teach Clouds and Stars to praiſe him as we fly;
The whole Creation, by our Fall made groan,
His Praiſe to Eccho, and ſuſpend their Moan.

For

For that he Reigns, all Creatures ſhould rejoice,
And we with Songs ſupply their want of voice.
The Church Triumphant, and the Church below
In Songs of Praiſe their preſent Union ſhow:
Their Joys are full, our Expectation long;
In Life we differ, but we join in Song.
Angels, and we, aſſiſted by this Art,
May ſing together, thô we dwell apart.

Thus we reach Heav'n, while vainer Poems muſt
No higher riſe, than Winds may lift the Duſt.
From that they ſpring; this from his breath that gave
To the firſt Duſt, th' Immortal Soul we have:
His Praiſe well ſung, our great endeavor here,
Shakes off the Duſt, and makes that breath appear.

CANTO II.

HE that did firſt this way of Writing grace,
Converſt with the Almighty face to face.
Wonders he did in Sacred Verſe unfold,
When he had more than Eighty Winters told:
The Writer feels no dire effects of Age,
Nor Verſe that flows from ſo Divine a Rage.
Eldeſt of Poets, he beheld the Light,
When firſt it triumph'd 'ore eternal Night;
Chaos he ſaw, and could diſtinctly tell
How that Confuſion into Order fell:
As if conſulted with, he has expreſt
The Work of the Creator and his Reſt.
How the floud drown'd the firſt offending Race;
Which might the Figure of our Globe deface:

For new made Earth, ſo even and ſo fair,
Leſs equal now, uncertain makes the Air:
Surpriz'd with heat, and unexpected cold
Early diſtempers make our Youth look old:
Our Days ſo evil, and ſo few, may tell
That on the ruines of that World we dwell.
Strong as the Oaks that nouriſh't them, and high,
That long-liv'd Race did on their force rely,
Neglecting Heav'n: but we of ſhorter date,
Should be more mindful of impendant Fate.
To worms that crawl upon this Rubbiſh here,
This Span of Life may yet too long appear:
Enough to humble, and to make us great,
If it prepare us for a Noble Seat.
Which well obſerving, he in Numerous Lines,
Taught wretched Man, how faſt his Life declines:
In whom he dwelt, before the World was made,
And may again retire, when that ſhall fade.

The

The laſting Iliads have not liv'd ſo long,
As his and *Deborah*'s triumphant Song.
Delphos unknown, no Muſe could them inſpire;
But that which governs the Cœleſtial Quire.
Heav'n to the Pious did this Art reveal;
And from their ſtore ſucceeding Poets ſteal.
Homer's Scamander for the *Trojans* faught,
And ſwell'd ſo high, by her old *Kiſhhon* taught;
His River ſcarce could fierce *Achilles* ſtay;
Hers more ſucceſsful, ſwept her Foes away.
The Hoſt of Heav'n, his *Phœbus* and his *Mars*;
He Arms, inſtructed by her fighting Stars.
She led them all againſt the Common Foe:
But he miſled by what he ſaw below,
The Powers above, like wretched Men, divides,
And breaks their Union into different ſides.
Nobleſt parts which in his Hero's ſhine,
May be but copies of that Heroine,

Homer himſelfe, and *Agamemnon*, ſhe
The Writer could, and the commander, be.
Truth ſhe relates, in a ſublimer ſtrain
Than all the Tales the boldeſt *Greek* could feign:
For what ſhe ſung, that Spirit did indite,
Which gave her courage, and ſucceſs in fight.
A double Garland crowns the matchleſs Dame;
From Heav'n her Poem, and her Conqueſt came.
Thô of the *Jews* ſhe merit moſt eſteem:
Yet here the Chriſtian has the greater Theme.
Her martial Song deſcribes how *Siſera* fell,
This ſings our Triumph over Death and Hell.
The riſing Light employ'd the ſacred Breath:
Of the bleſt Virgin *Elizabeth*
In Songs of Joy; the Angels ſung his Birth:
Here, how he treated was upon the Earth
Trembling we read; th' Affliction and the Scorn,
Which for our Guilt, ſo patiently was born.

Con-

Conception, Birth, and Suffering, all belong
Thô various Parts, to one Cœleſtial Song:
And She, well uſing ſo divine an Art,
Has in this Conſort, ſung the Tragick part.
As *Hannah*'s Seed was vow'd to ſacred uſe,
So here this Lady conſecrates her Muſe.
With like Reward may Heav'n her Bed adorn,
With Fruit as fair as by her Muſe is born.

Of the Paraphraſe on the Lords Prayer Written by Mrs. Wharton.

SIlence, you Winds, liſten Etherial Lights,
While our *Urania* ſings what Heav'n indites;
The numbers are the Nymphs, but from above
Deſcends the Pledge of that Eternal Love.

Here wretched Mortals have not leave alone,
But are inſtructed to approach his Throne;
And how can he to miſerable Men
Deny Requeſts, which his own Hand did Pen?

In the Evangeliſts we find the Proſe,
Which Paraphras'd by her a Poem grows;
A devout Rapture, ſo divine a Hymn,
It may become the higheſt Seraphim;
For they like her in that Cæleſtial Quire,
Sing only what the Spirit does inſpire.
Taught by our Lord and theirs, with us they may
For all, but pardou for Offences, pray.

Some

Some Reflections of his upon the ſeveral Petitions in the ſame Prayer.

I. HIs Sacred Name, with reverence profound,
Should mention'd be, and trembling at the ſound:
It was *Jehovah*, 'tis our Father now,
So low to us, does Heav'n vouchſafe to bow:
Pſal. 18. 9.
He brought it down, that taught us how to pray,
And did ſo dearly for our Ranſom pay.

II. *His Kingdom come*: For this we pray in vain,
Unleſs he does in our affections raign:
Abſurd it were to wiſh for ſuch a King,
And not Obedience to his Scepter bring;
Whoſe Yoke is eaſy, and his Burthen light,
His Service Freedom, and his Judgments right.

III.

III. *His will be done*; In Fact 'tis always done,
But as in Heav'n, it muſt be made our own:
His Will ſhould all our Inclination ſway,
Whom Nature and the Univerſe obey.
Happy the Man, whoſe wiſhes are confin'd
To what has been Eternally deſign'd;
Referring all to his Paternal care,
To whom more dear, than to our ſelves we are.

IV. It is not what our Avarice hoards up;
'Tis he that feeds us, and that fills our Cup:
Like new-born Babes, depending on the Breſt,
From day to day we on his Bounty Feaſt.
Nor ſhould the Soul expect above a day
To dwell in her frail Tenement of Clay:
The ſetting Sun ſhould ſeem to bound our Race,
And the new day a gift of ſpecial Grace.

V. *That he ſhould all our Treſpaſſes forgive,*
While we in hatred with our Neighbours live;

Though

Though ſo to pray may ſeem an eaſy task,
We curſe our ſelves when thus inclin'd we ask:
This Prayer to uſe, we ought with equal care
Our Souls as to the Sacrament prepare.
The Nobleſt Worſhip of the Power above,
Is to extoll, and imitate his Love:
Not to Forgive our Enemies alone,
But uſe our Bounty that they may be won.

VI. *Guard us from all Temptations of the Foe,*
And thoſe we may in ſeveral ſtations know:
The Rich and Poor in ſlippery places ſtand:
Give us enough, but with a ſparing Hand:
Not ill-perſuading Want, nor wanton Wealth:
But what proportion'd is to Life and Health.
For not the Dead; but Living ſing thy Praiſe,
Exalt thy Kingdom, and thy Glory raiſe.

——*Favete Linguis*——
Virginibus Puerisq; Canto, Horat.

Of

Of the laſt Verſes in the Book.

WHen we for Age could neither read nor write,
The Subject made us able to indite.
The Soul with Nobler Reſolutions deckt,
The Body ſtooping, does Her ſelf erect:
No Mortal Parts are requiſite to raiſe
Her, that Unbody'd can her Maker praiſe.

The Seas are quiet, when the Winds give o're;
So calm are we, when Paſſions are no more:
For then we know how vain it was to boaſt
Of fleeting Things, ſo certain to be loſt.
Clouds of Affection from our younger Eyes
Conceal that emptineſs, which Age deſcries

The

Beautiful

The Soul's dark Cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Let's in new Light thrô chinks that time has made.
Stronger by weakneſs, wiſer Men become
As they draw near to their Eternal home:
Leaving the Old, both Worlds at once they view
That ſtand upon the Threſhold of the New.

——*Miratur Limen Olympi,*

Virgil.

The End of the Firſt Part.

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